

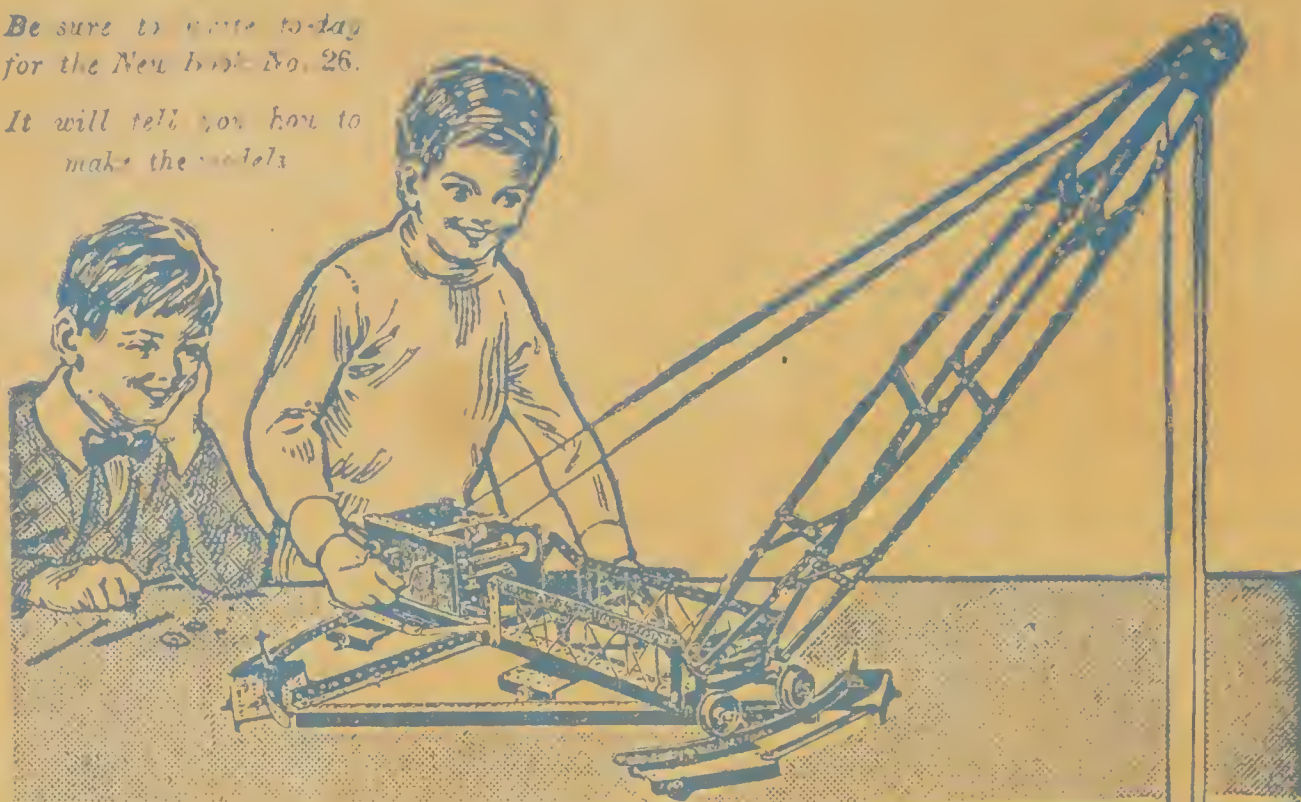
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NEW SERIES.

No. 12

Frank Reade's New Submarine.

A TRIP UNDER WATER TO SOLVE A GREAT MYSTERY.

CHAPTER 1.

A Cowardly Attack.—Frank Reade to the Rescue.—Barney and Pomp Join in the Fight.—The Story of the Sunken Mine.

"HALLO! what was that?"

Frank Reade, the famous young inventor, paused in his stride and listened for a repetition of the cry which had startled him. He had been hard at work on his latest submarine, when a piercing yell had sounded from somewhere outside his workshop.

"Help! help!"

There was no mistaking the appeal this time, and, dropping his hammer, he rushed out of the workshop and made his way into the lane bordering the spacious grounds of his magnificent house.

There he beheld a poor-looking man struggling in the hands of four ruffians.

"You shall not rob me!" he heard the victim shout, in frantic tones. "I'll die before I'll give you that gold nugget!"

Three of the attackers were holding the fiercely-struggling man, and the other was brandishing an ugly-looking knife to plunge it into their victim.

Frank was a well-built, athletic young fellow with superb courage, and there was no hesitation about his movements now.

Bang! went his fist in the eye of the man who held the knife.

It knocked him flat on his back, for it was a sledge-hammer blow. Fearlessly the young inventor sprang at the three others. They dropped their victim, who staggered and fell to the ground, a gaping wound in his body.

In an instant Frank was in the midst of the gang, his powerful fists shooting out with terrific force.

Infuriated by the punishment he was meting out to them the rascals drew knives and clubs, and attacked him viciously.

It might have gone hard with the young inventor, but for the fact that his two trusty servants and friends, Barney and Pomp, had followed him from the shop, and now came to his assistance. Barney was an Irishman, and

Pomp a negro. Two more mischievous fellows it would be hard to find; yet they were as plucky as could be, and loved their young master devotedly.

"Whoop!" yelled the Irishman, flourishing a shillelagh. "Stop that, yez shtroiped hoyenas, or be heavens I'll shtrew ther ground wid yez coorpses, so I will!"

And up to the ruffians rushed the Celt like a whirlwind, the darkie close at his heels.

"Cl'ar de track!" Pomp roared. "Heah come de bullgine! When I hits somefin's boun' ter fall. Wow—golly! Take dat, you rascal!"

And, butting the nearest man in the stomach with his woolly head, Pomp doubled him up and sent him down like a log.

In less than two minutes the whole gang were knocked out. Every one of them lay prone on the ground, one nursing a broken nose, another tenderly rubbing a dislocated jaw, the third gasping furiously for breath, and the last insensible from a thump on the head.

Frank critically surveyed the battlefield.

"They are ours. Tie them up, and we'll hand them over to the police," said he.

While the Irishman and the coon were so employed, the inventor approached the victim of the ruffians. He was senseless and very pale, bleeding from a bad wound, and might have died had Frank not bandaged the cut and thus stanching the flow of blood.

He seemed to be about thirty years of age, and had rather sharp features that betrayed great privation and suffering. Unfortunately, his breath smelt as though he had been drinking.

"Some poor, miserable tramp," muttered Frank. "I wonder what he meant by saying he would not allow them to rob him of a gold nugget? He looks like a tramp in that patched, threadbare suit. But—ha! what's that?" he added, as he caught a glimpse of a large nugget of pure gold lying in the man's gaping jacket-pocket.

The nugget was of pure gold and evidently worth a fair sum.

"Begorra!" said Barney, as he saw Frank

draw the nugget from the man's pocket. "Is he ther loikes av a king in disguise?"

"There is some mystery connected with this case," replied Frank. "Run for the police, Barney, while Pomp guards the prisoners, and I'll carry the wounded man home. Say nothing of the gold nugget to anyone."

The police soon arrived, and took the murderous four away, and when Barney and Pomp reached the house they found a doctor attending to the wounded man. The chief of police was with them.

"The wound is not serious," said the physician. "He will soon recover; but had the weapon deviated half an inch he would have been killed."

"An escape by a very narrow margin," commented Frank, as the doctor took his leave. "I'm glad it is no worse."

"Thim spalpeens wot made a pin-cushion av him, sor, is in custody," said Barney, solemnly, "an' here be's ther chief av ther police ter get ther mon's ante-mortem statement so as ter fill ther poor devil wid j'y afther he doies be haugin' his murderers fer ther crime."

The wounded man had revived, and the chief asked him:

"What is your name, age, and residence?"

"My name is Oscar Hunt. I am thirty years old. I have no home," the stranger replied, in a straightforward manner.

"What is your occupation?"

"I have none; I was a sailor on the wrecked ship 'Ida C. Ray.'"

"Can you tell me who were the men who assaulted you?"

"I don't know any of them; they were tramps."

"What was their object in attacking you?"

"I went into a saloon to get a drink. There I foolishly exposed a large gold nugget I owned. They saw it, and when I left Readestown to tramp out in the country to get a job as a farm hand, they followed me and attacked me to steal the nugget. And they got it."

"You are mistaken. All were searched at the police-station, but no nugget of gold was in the possession of any of them. How came it in your possession?"

"I got it from a mine on an island in the Indian Ocean. That island, owing to an earthquake, sank under the sea shortly after I left it on a ship. I was friendless and penniless. If I dared to try to sell such a valuable nugget people would think I stole it. I therefore was poor, and yet very well off."

"Well, yours is a queer case. Your evidence ought to get those tramps a long term in prison."

And, getting Oscar Hunt to sign an affidavit against the four ruffians, the chief of police took his departure.

The man's brief explanation of the manner in which he procured the nugget excited Frank's curiosity.

"I wish you would tell me more about yourself," said the young inventor.

"You have been very kind to me," replied Hunt, earnestly. "I am a very grateful man, for I remember enough about that fight to know that I owe you my life. I will do anything you ask."

"I don't wish to pry into your private business, but what you have mentioned to the chief of police has made me curious, more especially as I have saved your nugget for you, and here it is."

"I am glad those tramps did not get it," replied Hunt, "for now I can show my appreciation of what you have done for me. Take the nugget, sir, as a token of my gratitude."

"Oh, no!" replied Frank, smilingly. "I am rich—I do not want it. You need it a great deal more than I do."

"It is as useless to me as a piece of granite. If I were to attempt to sell it I'd be arrested on suspicion of having stolen it. Besides, sir, I know where there is the richest gold mine that ever existed, lying at the bottom of the Indian Ocean."

"You amaze me," said the young inventor.

"It may sound like a lie," went on Hunt, bluntly, "but, of course, it matters little to me what people think. I like you for saving my life, and I therefore would not tell you a falsehood. Let me make my meaning clearer by telling you about the matter, Mr.—Mr——"

"Reade—Frank Reade."

"Frank Reade! Why—are you the great inventor of airships, overland engines, and submarine boats that the newspapers have been talking about so much for the past few years?"

"I am the inventor you mention."

"Thunder! I never expected to have the pleasure of meeting such a celebrated man as you are, sir, although when I reached this town I knew very well you lived here. Well, as I was going to tell you my history, I'll go ahead."

"I am all attention."

"Well, the last craft I sailed in as a foremast hand was the 'Ida C. Ray.' She was bound from New York to Calcutta. One evening I had a row with the captain, who was an ugly rascal, and it might have gone hard with me had not a storm of great violence just then come up. We were then off the coast of India ten miles, in the neighbourhood of Lake Chilka. The ship struck on a rock and stove in the bow. She began to sink, and the men took to the boats, but the captain would not allow me to join them. The boats vanished in the gloom, and I was left alone on the sinking wreck. For several hours I was tossed about at the mercy of the wind and waves. Then the ship struck upon an island and went to pieces. I was cast ashore by the waves."

"On the following day the storm cleared

away. I found myself on a small island about twenty miles from a coast, upon which I could faintly see a mountain in a state of eruption. This mountain was of peculiar formation, for it looked very much like the upper part of an enormous jet-black cross."

"A singular shape," Frank commented, as Hunt paused.

"Yes; and it will serve as a landmark some day when I go back there to locate the island. At any rate, I found myself upon this small island, which I quickly discovered was one huge gold mine. The quartz lay about in rare quantities, and a gigantic fortune was there for the picking up, to say nothing of what might be gained by digging.

"At first I was frantic with joy over my discovery, and I spent the whole day gathering the nuggets in a heap, which I finally buried under a rock; but when the pangs of hunger assailed me, and I found no food on the desolate island, I forgot my great treasure. Several days passed, and I had no food or water. On the fourth day I sighted a ship; and in my wild anxiety I rushed into the sea, and, screaming at the top of my voice, I struck out for her. Now, here comes the astounding part of my story. No sooner had I left the island than an earthquake shock occurred. The island sank to a depth of what looked like thirty or forty feet, for I could clearly see it down below when the agitated waters subsided. I swam and shrieked until I was exhausted. My strength began to wane. Presently I lost my senses. When I finally came to I found myself on the vessel. It proved to be the American ship 'Thetis,' bound for New York. I told the captain my story of wreckage, but kept the knowledge of the sunken mine a secret, and found that I had only saved one nugget—this one. How I chanced to drop it into my pocket I do not remember. I kept it hidden. It was useless to me. I got what little money was due to me from the owners of the 'Ida C. Ray,' and, disgusted with a seafaring life, advertised, and was offered a position as a farm-hand near Readestown. I was on my way to take it, when I fell in with the four tramps, about whose murderous attack you already know."

"Remarkable!" put in Frank Reade; "but do you think you could find that sunken mine if you were to go in search of it, as you say you intend doing?"

"Very easily!" emphatically declared Hunt.

"Well, suppose I were to offer to carry you there and get some of the gold, would you be willing to divide the profits with my two friends here and myself?"

"Of course I would," was the eager reply. "But it would be a very expensive voyage. Diving-suits and apparatus would be needed."

"My friend, I am at present building a new submarine, which should be magnificently adapted to the work required. If you wish to enter into an agreement to use her to go after

the sunken gold mine when she is finished, I will assume all the expense and risk, and shall only ask you to accompany me and point out the place where the sunken island lies."

"What luck!" cried Hunt, delightedly. "I accept your offer, and will gladly share or pay all the expense out of my share."

"We will say no more about it now, then," said Frank. "You get well. In the meantime my friends and I will finish building the submarine. If she turns out as successful as her model was, we will go on this voyage—eh, boys?"

"Wid all me heart," assented Barney.

"Fo' snah, chile," Pomp added.

CHAPTER 2.

Off on the Search for the Mine.—Teaching the Slaves a Lesson.—Doubts and Fears.

FRANK continued his work upon the submarine, and at the end of two weeks the wonderful vessel was completed.

In the meantime Oscar Hunt had rapidly recovered from his wound, and was up and about again. On the day the submarine was finished Frank met the sailor in the yard, and invited him to inspect the new wonder.

The young inventor led him to a walled reservoir next to the construction-room in which the craft had been built, and in this sheet of water floated the new invention, the reservoir being connected by a canal with a river that flowed to the sea.

The submarine was named the "Clipper." She was a flat cone, one hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and fifteen feet deep, tapered to a point at each end, had a pilot-house in front, a railed deck, and a trap-door in the middle of it.

At the bow an immense, sharp blade was secured, there was a big electric searchlight on each side of the turret, and at the stern were the rudder and a propeller.

Numerous oblong bull's-eyes broke the sloping sides of the oval deck, while along the keel were a number of water-valves. The boat was made of finely-tempered steel-plates an inch thick, stretched over a frame of steel of the most massive build, designed to withstand an enormous water pressure. Even the glass in the pilot-house window was an inch thick, and made in small squares, in order to gain strength.

Oscar Hunt gazed at this marvellous engine in admiration as they crossed a gang-plank to the deck.

Passing through the open trap they descended a short flight of metal stairs into a small, round, metal-lined compartment. There were two levers on the walls, and several valves in the floor.

"This is the exit-chamber," said Frank, explanatorily. "Under the sea, if we wish to leave the interior in a diving costume, we enter the room and pull one of those levers

It opens a valve admitting the sea-water. As soon as the room is full the diver is accustomed to the surrounding sea pressure, and can go out without feeling the change. When he comes in and closes the trap he pulls this second lever. That puts a pump in operation emptying the water out. When it is all out you can open this door and enter the living-rooms."

From this apartment Frank led the sailor all over the boat, explaining the complicated machinery, the precautions for obtaining pure air, etc., etc.

Hunt was delighted, and looked forward with eager anticipation to the day when they were to start on their voyage.

Two days later the submarine was fully provisioned and all ready to start.

Our friends took leave of everyone on shore, and, boarding the "Clipper," the inventor entered the turret, pulled a lever, and off she started.

Going through the canal into the river she followed that water-course to the Atlantic, and finally ran into the ocean, Frank shaping her course for the south-east.

Her machinery worked like a clock, and fair weather favoured her on her long cruise towards the Cape of Good Hope, and the advantage of the huge blade at her bow was made manifest in crossing the Sargasso Sea.

It cut through the kelp like a razor, opening a passage for her through the dense drifting weed.

"I am going to double the Cape under water," declared Frank, as they approached the stormy seas of the Cape of Good Hope.

"Just as well to do so, sir," Hunt replied. "See there!"

He pointed at the sky, where banks of dark, threatening clouds were piling up in heavy masses. It was a violent storm gathering, to get caught in which in that region was almost fatal.

"That clinches the matter," said Frank.

"Won't it be just as rough down below?" asked the sailor.

"No; although the motion of a wave is felt three hundred and fifty times its height down in the profound depths. Yet the further down you go the more diminished the strength of the motion becomes."

As Frank spoke he opened the sea-valves. The "Clipper" began to sink. He let her go down to a depth of three hundred feet, and then shut the valves, when she ran ahead under water.

The electric lights blazed out, lighting up the submarine scene, and displayed a variety of fishes around the "Clipper."

She scarcely felt the waves here, and her water-ballast caused her to ride as steadily as a balance-wheel. Nor was her speed diminished.

She had a full supply of air in her reservoirs, and as soon as the injectors began to operate our friends felt no more inconvenience

than would have been experienced on the surface.

The angry look of the water soon gave Frank to understand that the storm had broken overhead. But they did not feel its effects down in the solitude of the ocean's depths.

On the following morning they rounded the Cape, and all hands were aroused by hearing Hunt shout:

"Reade, Reade! Get up!"

"What's the matter?" asked Frank, looking out of his bunk.

"We are close upon land!" replied the sailor.

"Where is it?"

"On the port side."

"It must be the African coast. Veer off."

"But there's land on the starboard quarter, too."

"That's queer! Where can we be? Raise the 'Clipper'!"

The sailor started the pump going, and the submarine rose to the top. She was then off Cape St. Francis, and had run between a bar of sand and the Cape.

The storm had vanished, and the sun was shining brightly; there was a heavy roll on the sea, and the thermometer showed a high temperature of the water, although the air was cold.

Frank quickly comprehended the cause of it. The boat was in the great Agulhas current which runs down the east coast of Africa, around the Cape, across the Atlantic, up to the Gulf of Mexico, and there forms the Gulf Stream.

He explained to Hunt the cause of the land on each quarter, and, peering out of the window, caught sight of a sail ahead.

It was a large Arabian dhow, with a long beak, and a very large stern, and was heading up for the coast.

"Queer-looking vessel that. What is she?" asked Hunt.

"A slaver, I'm sure. Send the boat under until she is all sunk but the turret, and we'll watch that fellow."

Hunt carried out this plan.

The Arabian vessel now ran into a small cove, and as the "Clipper" reached a point abreast of it Frank saw several canoes leave the shore, filled with negroes.

"See there!" he exclaimed. "Most of them are bound. Those fellows will probably carry them to Arabia, if I don't prevent them."

"Can you do it?"

"Yes. All arm yourselves. I'll run the 'Clipper' into that cove."

Barney and Pomp turned out and joined Hunt.

There were a number of very powerful air-guns on board, the bullets of which consisted of dynamite encased in steel shells. They operated like torpedoes.

Up to the cove dashed the "Clipper"

Frank flung open the window to give his friends a chance to fire, and glanced at the canoes, which now were near the dhow.

There were four of them, each containing a dozen men, of whom eight in each boat were bound prisoners.

"Pick out the rowers, boys!" said Frank. "Fire!"

Whiz! went the bullets. An awful report followed their bursting, and fierce yells came from the boatmen.

Again the weapons were discharged, and several of the black rowers shrieked and toppled over.

As no report emanated from the weapons, the crews of the dhow and canoes could not locate the place they came from.

Forging ahead, the "Clipper" ran between the ship and the canoes.

As soon as the negro rowers saw her, everyone sprang overboard and struck out for the shore.

The fettered slaves were greatly terrified by the appearance of the submarine, and set up a mournful chorus of howls.

"Barney—Pomp—Hunt! Liberate them!" cried Frank.

The three rushed back to the exit-chamber, armed with knives, and Frank brought the "Clipper" to the surface, and steered it up to the canoes.

In a moment more several of the blacks were released, and knives were put into their hands to free their companions.

As soon as they understood the good intention of our friends, they shouted with glee, and showed by every tone and action how grateful they were.

In a remarkably short space of time all hands were free of their bonds and in possession of the paddles. They then stood a fair chance to escape.

Just then, however, the excited Arabs on the dhow had seen what was transpiring, and set up a shout.

There were guns aboard the boat, and Frank soon discovered this startling fact, for one of the weapons vented a thunderous roar, and a shot came howling across the water.

It was badly aimed, for it passed over the "Clipper" and dropped in the water on the other side of her.

Frank shouted to his friends to come inside, and as soon as they obeyed Frank opened the water-valves. The "Clipper" at once began to sink, and soon vanished from the view of the crew of the dhow.

"I'm going to put an end to their trade in human flesh," said Frank, grimly, when they were well below the surface of the waves.

He brought the "Clipper's" descent to a pause at a depth of ten feet from the surface, and then started her towards the dhow.

In a few moments they saw the hull of the Arabian ship floating in the sea above them. Frank then left the wheel in Pomp's hands, and, giving the coon some instructions, he

went back into the store-room and put on a peculiar-looking diving-suit, made of thick rubber, with a steel helmet, and a knapsack on the back.

This knapsack was filled with compressed air enough to last him the space of five hours. This air was injected into the helmet by an automatic mechanism, and the consumed air escaped by a valve.

In the breast of the suit was set an electric lamp, which derived its current from a small but powerful battery enclosed in a receptacle secured in his belt.

As soon as Frank was so attired he opened an ammunition-box which contained a number of bomb-shells, in which a clock was arranged to explode them at any specified time. To the outside of these shells a sharp spike was screwed.

Having taken one of the dangerous explosives out Frank entered the exit-room, filled it with brine, and went up on deck. Pomp had been holding the submarine beneath the dhow, and when he saw Frank appear on deck he raised her.

Frank set the clockwork going in the bomb by pressing a small projecting wire-end, and stuck the spike in the ship's bottom near the stern.

He then motioned Pomp to steer the "Clipper" away.

He had set the bomb to burst in five minutes.

Away glided the submarine vessel half a mile. Then she ascended to the surface in the sunlight.

The Arabs in the dhow were chasing the canoes up the coast, and were rapidly gaining on the escaped slaves, for they dared not land as their enemies were lurking on the shores.

Before the slavers reached them the bomb burst.

There was a fearful roar, and a shower of timbers flew up into the air. All the stern of the dhow was blown off, and a wild yell pealed from the dusky crew, many of whom were injured. Then the vessel began to fill and sink.

As she was going down her crew leapt overboard and struck out for the shore, and the slaves, seeing that they had the tyrants at their mercy, began to slay them.

Frank did his best to stop them, but it was all of no avail, and every one of the slavers was massacred.

Disgusted at the sight Frank steered away from the scene, and the "Clipper" ran along to the southward of Madagascar and headed for the island of Ceylon.

Several days afterwards she was going up the eastern coast of India, and a sharp lookout was maintained for the peculiar mountain which Hunt declared marked the place where the sunken island was to be found. But day after day passed without their finding the land-mark, and at last they arrived at the mouth of the Ganges.

Hunt was looking very pale and troubled.

"How do you account for this?" Frank asked him.

"We must have passed the landmark two days ago, Mr. Reade."

"Do you feel sure of it?"

"Positive. Look here, Mr. Reade! I know that doubts and suspicions have crept into the minds of yourself and your friends, nor can I blame you for them. But I swear to you that I have not deceived you—that I have told you the truth. Will you believe me?"

There was such a truthful ring in his tones that Frank was deeply impressed with his sincerity.

He grasped the sailor's hand.

"Yes, I believe you, Oscar Hunt. You are an honest man. For some reason we have missed finding the place. But I am going to hunt for the sunken gold mine until I find it," he exclaimed. "Brace up, old fellow, and keep cheerful."

CHAPTER 3.

A Tiger on Board.—Frank Reade's Peril.—Chased by the Sea Cannibals.—Pomp and Barney Show their Nerve.

ON the following day, as the "Clipper" was running down the coast to the southward again, the Jeypoor Hills were sighted standing back from the coast.

Frank had been studying a chart of that section of the country, and, going into the wheel-room where Oscar Hunt was steering, he pointed to the shore and said:

"That range of mountains is the only one lying between the Chilka and the mouths of the Godavery River. Consequently I have concluded that the cross-shaped mountain you saw must be one of that range."

"What is the length of the range?" asked the sailor.

"About three hundred and fifty miles."

"Then our hunt lies within that boundary."

"Half that distance will do. You said the 'Ida C. Ray' first struck a rock off Lake Chilka. Then she drifted southward for several hours, when she struck on the island. How many hours later did this occur?"

"Not more than five."

"Had your ship any sails up?"

"The torn fragments of a few."

"We will then suppose she drifted at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour. Taking the extreme rate, she would therefore have been between fifty and sixty miles south of Lake Chilka. We will proceed to that point now. There we will try to find some evidence of the volcanic mountain. The location must be somewhere between Baruva and Naupada—two coast towns. Could it be this spur that was the volcanic mountain?"

"I am ignorant of the geography of this country."

"How long ago is it since you were wrecked here?"

"Seven months ago to-day."

"In that interval a volcanic mountain could have sunk down into the earth. There are instances of such mountains thus vanishing in Mexico. Anyhow, we have a clue to work on now."

The "Clipper" passed the Chilka, and in the afternoon reached a point fifty miles south of the lake.

The spur of the mountains Frank spoke of was seen, and it was decided to run in towards the shore between Pundi and Baruya.

When the "Clipper" arrived close to the coast she turned to the southward, and headed for a stream running through the jungle.

"We may get up this creek a distance, and then land to examine those hills," said Frank.

"Bedad, it looks as if there were plenty of water," said Barney.

"Then turn her into the creek, and I'll go out on deck with a telescope and examine the elevations."

Frank left the turret as he spoke. By the time he reached the deck the boat was in the stream.

It was a broad, deep creek at its mouth, but rapidly became narrower, the shores being overhung by the dense thorny jungle that bordered it on each side.

The boat ran along several hundred yards, and Frank levelled his glass at the mountain.

It did not look anything like the sort of a place described by Oscar Hunt, as its crest was covered with trees and shrubbery.

While Frank was busy examining it the boat suddenly came to a pause with such a shock as to almost fling him overboard, and the water was clouded with mud.

"Heavens! What's that?" he muttered, in alarm.

"We've struck a shoal!" cried Barney.

"Reverse your engines!" ordered the inventor.

Barney obeyed, but the boat did not budge, for her big blade at the bow had plunged deeply into the mud and held her there.

"Can you pump any ballast out of her, Barney?" next asked Frank.

"Shure, there isn't a drop of water in the reserve."

"Then we shall have to wait for the tide to rise and lift us. In one hour it will float us, I believe."

Frank was just upon the point of going inside, when a sudden rustling among the jungle-grass on the right-hand side attracted his attention, and he gazed towards the spot.

To his amazement he saw the bushes part and a big tiger appear.

Frank stood twenty feet away from the brute, but, seeing it crouch to spring at him, and knowing that it would cover the distance separating them, he started for the trap-door.

He had not taken one step before the animal

launched itself in the air with the utmost grace and agility, and landed on the deck between him and the trap.

"Barney! A tiger! Quick! help me!" cried Frank.

The Irishman heard him, but before he could move to help, the tiger made a dash for the young inventor.

Quick as a flash Frank vaulted over the railing, and the tiger rushed by where he had been standing, just grazing his leg.

It instantly swung around and dashed at him again.

The mighty paw was darted forward and dealt him a blow, ripping his clothes as a knife would have done.

The impetus given its body by the last rush sent the mighty beast down on the slope of the oval deck.

Frank launched himself against it. The animal was so near the edge that the hind-quarters went over in the water, but its fore-claws got a desperate clutch on the edge of the deck, and clung there with a scratching sound.

It thus held its head and fore-quarters up, while the rest of its body was buried in the water.

Up to the animal rushed Frank. He raised his bowie-knife and stabbed the tiger in the neck.

A horrible roar escaped it, and it strove to fasten its fangs into the young inventor, but he took care to keep out of reach of its red mouth.

Again and again he plunged the knife into the neck of the beast, every stab wringing a terrible roar from its throat.

So frenzied became the brute from the repeated stabs that it exerted every muscle in its quivering body, and by a supreme effort it hauled itself up on the deck again.

Frank now recoiled inside the railing. With a terrific leap the tiger was upon him. Down on his back he was knocked, with the animal on top of him, and the knife fell from his hand. At that moment Barney appeared on the deck with a rifle in his hand.

"Howly poker!" gasped the Celt. Then he aimed and fired at the animal.

With an agonised scream the wounded tiger flew up in the air, and came down on top of the pilot-house.

Again Barney fired. The second shot lodged in the brute's head, and it went down like a stone and never moved again.

Frank rose to his feet. He was covered with blood from the animal's wounds, he was breathing hard from excitement, and his face was pale and bedewed with perspiration.

"I had almost given you up, Barney," said he.

"Bedad, I'm not ter be shook so aisy," laughed the Irishman.

By the time Barney had secured the tiger's skin, Frank had washed himself and changed his clothes, and the tide had raised the

boat. The inventor thereupon entered the turret and reversed the wheels, when the boat pulled her blade from the mud and she rode free.

"Yo' gwine any funder up de crick?" asked Pomp.

"No; we might get stuck again," Frank answered.

"What' yo' fine out about de mounting, sah?"

"Absolutely nothing. It has no semblance of a cross on top."

"Golly! wha' we do about it, den?"

"As there is no other course left open, I intend to sink the boat and cruise about here under water on a hunt for the sunken gold mine," replied Frank, thoughtfully.

Night was beginning to fall when the submarine left the creek and glided out to sea.

Twenty miles from land, everything being in readiness, he opened the water-valves and sank her.

Down she went to the depth of fifty feet ere he stopped her and put the wheels in motion to send her ahead.

Starting the searchlight he began to work her in a zigzag way, and posted Oscar Hunt as lookout at the window.

"Is there any particular distinguishing feature about the sunken island?" he asked the sailor.

"You would readily recognise the place by numerous projecting slabs of sandstone ten feet in height, scattered all over the island," replied the sailor. "They give it a very peculiar appearance."

The scene outside the boat was very singular, for the searchlight penetrated a great distance.

From the bottom rose the stalks of enormous jungles of eel-grass and the trunks of fantastic marine-trees. Winding in and out among this dark-green vegetation were schools of dolphins, catfish, and the susu of India.

Vast quantities of seaweed and other debris were floating in the submarine currents, and might have impeded the progress of the submarine had not her big blade cut through them.

As the daylight waned the gloom of the sea deepened, and objects at a distance became indistinct.

Strangely-made jelly-fish floated along, throwing out a white, ghostly light, which gradually melted away in the gloom.

Then the moonfish appeared. They were round, silvery objects that gleamed like electric lights through the dense element. Darting round them like comets flashing in the sky were myriads of tiny fire-flies of the sea.

They performed the most singular curves and vertical lines as they darted to and fro in the gloom, clusters of them standing silent like planets, and others flashing here and there like shooting stars in every conceivable direction.

Great black spider-crabs, with demoniacal bodies and the most diabolically protruding eyes, worked their way along, surrounded by sparkling little fish that threw from their scales the most beautiful metallic colours of red, blue, green, and yellow.

For a while these fairy-like scenes would continue to play. Then some monstrous fish would gradually emerge from the dark, shadowy distance, rush towards them, and gobble them up by the score, as they scattered and frantically fled for their lives in all directions.

Frank lowered the boat one hundred feet deeper, and the bottom came in view in the strong glare of the searchlights.

Here the most grotesque forms of rock were seen rising from the bottom, crusted with thousands of barnacles, and swarming with myriads of prickly sea-urchins lurking in the clefts.

Not only the rocks, but the bed of the sea was brilliant as a flower-garden with exquisitely-coloured anemones.

These creatures are flowers in appearance of the brightest tints, yet in reality they are animals. The ocean is full of them.

Great banks of delicately-tinted red coral festooned the sandy tracts, growing in branchy shafts like trees, and gathered in dense masses by the polypi that made it, until it assumed the form of reefs which grew day by day.

Great banks of mud-covered vast stretches of the undulating ground, which were succeeded by hills, plains, deep depressions, and towering escarpments. Down in one of these bowl-like hollows the water was eddying round the wreck of a big ship which was half-buried in the sand and gradually falling to pieces.

Along the bottom crept the most fiendish-looking animals of strange shapes that are never seen on the surface, and through the brine rose the most profuse vegetation of the most singular appearance.

Here and there forests of trees presented a barrier to the boat, but she ripped her way through them.

And thus, amid ever-changing scenes, the submarine went on for several days in every direction hunting for the sunken gold mine, her crew constantly upon the alert. Then suddenly there was an awful crash, and Hunt, who was at the wheel, felt it swing idly in his hands. He knew what it meant at once. The rudder was broken, and, what was worse, the submarine was being rushed along in the grip of a fierce current.

"Sink her to the bottom!" ordered Frank, as soon as he discovered what had happened.

The sailor opened the valves, and the "Clipper" went down into a wide, deep groove cut by the current in the bed of the sea. Here she paused and keeled over before the current. Every drifting weed and object that floated near enough to her caught against her hull and lodged there, until it was not long before she was covered with debris.

"She struck a rock, you say?" asked Frank of Hunt.

"Yes; I tried to avoid it, but the swift current hurled her against it with appalling force," replied the sailor.

"I must go out and repair the rudder. Until that is done we cannot hope to get out of the grasp of this current."

"Mind what you're about, Reade. The strength of the flow must be terrific to force this boat over so."

"Oh, I am accustomed to these currents."

"Let me go out and help you."

"All right; we will carry such tools as I deem necessary to save time and many trips in and out of the boat."

Telling Barney and Pomp what had happened, and commanding them to stand by in case they were wanted, they proceeded to the store-room and got such things as they needed. Then they donned diving-suits and left the "Clipper."

Once out on deck they felt the force of the current in a most unexpected way.

It caught them and hurled them from the boat into the sea, and was swiftly bearing them away, when they were carried to the bottom by their weights.

Here, by dint of digging their hands and feet into the sand, they managed to creep back to the submarine.

When they reached the boat Frank crept up on deck and got a rope, one end of which he secured to the "Clipper." The other end he tied round Hunt and himself. They then got down to the stern, where they found the rudder hanging by one hinge. The heads of the bolts on the others had been torn off.

As Frank had brought the right kind of tools with him they set to work driving out the old bolts and putting in new.

This work required considerable time. Indeed, the darkness of night fell by the time it was done.

Putting the tools in the bag they were just about to go back aboard of the boat, when it suddenly rose.

The current caught the "Clipper" and swept her away.

Fastened to her by the rope, Frank and his companion were lifted from the ground at one moment, dragged over it the next, and thus swiftly borne along.

"Good heavens! Why didn't Barney wait until we got in the 'Clipper' before starting her?" muttered Frank. "He must have thought we were aboard to have done this."

He was tied to the extreme end of the rope, and, seeing that he would have to do something or run the chance of getting his brains dashed out against the rocks they met, he unfastened the rope.

Then he began to climb up.

Oscar Hunt was hanging above his head. Clambering over him Frank glanced back, and received a tremendous shock of surprise as he did so.

Coming on in pursuit of them were two big sharks.

Now he understood why Barney had carried them away in this summary manner. The Irishman must have seen the sharks coming, and, realising that they were likely to devour the two divers, he had started the boat to drag them out of danger. Instead of blaming him now, Frank blessed him.

The boat had a hard struggle to fight that awful current. But she was equal to it.

The sharks were caught in the current, and could not very well get out of it either, and it added materially to their naturally swift speed through the water.

Shooting ahead like cannon-balls they were within a few inches of the two divers when the "Clipper" flew from the current.

Turning over on their backs to seize Frank and Hunt they might have snapped them in two had not the boat just then whisked them out of the current.

The sharks were swept along, deprived of their prey.

As the submarine regained the clear water a high wall of coral was seen ahead, and Barney stopped her.

He glanced back through a bull's-eye.

Just then the sharks left the current, and he saw them, ripped out an ejaculation of horror, and gasped:

"Be heavens! I haven't chaited thim out of me fri'nds yet, bad cess to thim! Faith, I'll dhrop ther 'Clipper'! Hey, naygur, put on a doiv-suit, take an air-gun, an' go help thim!"

As the sharks shot towards Frank and his companion they both took a firmer grip on the short-handled axes they carried. Frank had to cling to the rope with one hand. In a moment more the man-eaters were close to them, and they raised their weapons and swung them down with all the strength they could muster.

The water resisted the blows in a measure, but each of the monsters received a dreadful gash.

It caused them to dart away, and down sank the "Clipper" very rapidly. She soon landed on the bottom, and Hunt and Frank got away from the rope, and started to climb upon the submarine.

Back came the sharks before they could do so, and they faced the voracious beasts again.

Just then Pomp appeared in the trap, clad in a diving-suit and carrying an air-gun in his hands.

The electric lanterns in the breast-plates of Frank and the sailor were flashed upon the big fishes. That gave Pomp a clear view of them, and he aimed his weapon at them, and fired two shots.

One of the sharks was killed, and the other badly wounded.

Then a curious event occurred.

The one that was wounded made a rush for the sinking body of the other, and, seizing it

in its jaws, the monster began to tear it to pieces.

Frank and his companion lost no time getting aboard the boat.

"Pomp, you did nobly!" Frank exclaimed, when they were safe.

"Yassah! Yassah!" chuckled the negro. "De ole folks on de plantation whar I wuz raised say dis chile got noble blood, Marse Frank. It am bound fo' ter stick out, sah!"

"Very likely," laughed the inventor, and then he went off and found Barney in the pilot-house, and added a word of praise to the Irishman.

Having raised the boat she was again sent on her hunt for the sunken island, and the night passed peacefully away.

On the following morning, after breakfast, Pomp went into the engine-room to clean the machinery and lubricate the bearings.

The shaft operating the stern-screw was revolved by a very wide, long leather belt standing at an angle which ran over two big wheels with wide spaces between the top one and the ceiling, and the bottom one and the floor.

Having ungeared the belt by pushing a lever Pomp got a handful of cotton-waste and climbed up on the belt so as to reach the wheel above to clean it and oil the bearings.

Just as he got halfway up, lying flat on his stomach, Barney came in and saw the situation of the darkie.

Seizing a piece of cord he rushed up to him, flung the cord over the coon's back, brought it under the belt, and tied him down.

"Hi dar! What yo' doin'?" yelled the startled coon.

Barney did not reply. Instead, he took the rest of the line and swiftly tied Pomp's ankles down to the belt.

Then, before Pomp could make an attempt to get free, Barney pulled the lever, putting the belt in motion.

It began to revolve, carrying the howling negro with it, and in a moment more Pomp was flying up the incline and rushing down the other side at a terrific rate of speed.

CHAPTER 4.

Lost on the Ocean's Bed.—Attacked by a Monster of the Deep.—To the Rescue of British Sailors.

"Hex, dar! Stop it! Fo' de lan' sakes, stop it!" yelled the coon.

"Go it, Pomp!" howled Barney, frantically.

Swish, plunk! went the belt.

"I'se a dead coon! Sen' fo' de undah-takah!" Pomp howled, as his head came up on top of the flying belt again, followed by his body and legs.

"Somewan bring me a museum!" roared Barney, fairly convulsed with laughter over Pomp's flight. "I want ter show off ther

floyin' naygur! Oh, waz iver mortthal mon so tickled befoore as I am?"

Unluckily for Barney, however, he stood right in the flying coon's way. He was bent over laughing, when the cord that held the negro suddenly parted, and down came Pomp on the Irishman's back.

The shock was terrific, and Barney was knocked forward on his stomach. He slid along the floor, scraped the skin from his nose and shins, and brought up against the wall with his head.

"Murder!" howled he. "I've cracked me nut!"

He sat up with a groan, and rubbed his head, felt his nose, and caressed his shins.

"Yah, yah, yah!" chuckled Pomp, forgetting his own rage and misery. "Hooroar! Dat's de ticket! Oh, golly, what a lark! Do it again—do it again!"

"Bad manners to yez fer a monkey-faced Boolgarian! D'yez moind that I'm crippled fer loife?"

"Yo' will play tricks, hey?" chuckled Pomp. "Oh, golly amassy! Why doan' yo' git a new nose?"

Then, considering it time to be going, Pomp rushed out, leaving Barney to console himself as best he could.

On the following morning Frank was at the wheel, when he suddenly caught sight of a scene ahead that gave him a start of surprise.

At first he imagined that it was the sunken island. A number of dim projections rose from the sea bed, which he at first imagined to be the sandstone slabs that Oscar Hunt had spoken about.

"Is that the place we are searching for?" he asked the sailor, after calling all hands to turn out.

His companions rushed to the window, peered out, and eagerly scanned the scene ahead.

"No, that isn't the place, Mr. Reade," declared Hunt, after scanning the place carefully.

"Be jabers, it's a sunken city!" Barney cried, in surprise.

This announcement amazed the others, and their chagrin was forgotten in the excitement of the Irishman's announcement. They eagerly scanned the scene outside, and soon saw that Barney had not made a mistake.

It was a submerged city right enough. And a very ancient one, too.

The crumbled remains of a wall surrounded it. Most of the stone buildings in the enclosure were down, but a few of them remained in a fair state of preservation, considering the long time the place must have been submerged. They were strange-looking houses, greatly resembling those that remain in the Holy Land at the present day.

These buildings were half-buried in the sand, all traces of many of them were washed away, and only a few broken walls of many others marked the places where they stood.

"How de city git heah under de ocean, Maise Frank," asked the bewildered Pomp.

"That's very easily accounted for. Do you observe that it stands on a ridge running out to sea from the mainland? Well, it was evidently built on a cape or promontory. Some convulsion of nature sank that strip of land, carrying down the city with it."

By this time the submarine was among the houses. In the middle of the city there was an enormous building, and, as Frank flashed the searchlight upon it, he caught sight, through one of the big arched doorways, of a huge statue.

It was a tremendous idol of Siva, the Hindoo god. It had five heads, each one having three eyes, and the middle one was in the centre of each forehead.

The hair was clotted together and brought over the head to form a horn from the forehead, around the necks were garlands of human skulls, and in the hands a trident, surmounted by another skull.

Most remarkable of all was a bright glitter coming from the big eye in the middle of the forehead of the central head. As Frank levelled a glass at it, he was amazed to see that the gleam came from an enormous sapphire, which must have been worth a fortune. He determined to obtain the stone, and stopped the boat outside the building.

There he let her rest on the bottom, and, telling Barney and Pomp to go with him, they left the turret. Diving-costumes were put on, and tools were secured with which to dismount the stone from its setting. They then left the boat.

Entering the temple they glanced round, and found themselves in a lofty room, the roof of which was supported by big columns and pillars in an advanced stage of decay.

Approaching the colossal statue they climbed upon it, and Frank made his way up to the middle head.

Here he planted himself, and set to work upon the stone that held the sapphire with chisel and hammer.

Piece by piece the stone was broken away until the sapphire was loosened and fell to the ground.

Barney picked it up, and as he did so they suddenly saw one of the big pillars fall.

It was followed by several more in rapid succession, and Barney and Pomp had to dodge to avoid being hit by the falling pieces.

One of the great columns struck the idol, and, knocking it over, sent Frank flying.

Then the roof began to fall. Realising that the whole building was going to pieces, Barney and Pomp rushed out.

Frank was left lying on the floor half-stunned. He quickly recovered his senses, however, and staggered to his feet.

Immense blocks of stone were crashing down from the roof of the temple, the massive walls were caving in, and all the big pillars were falling.

It was a frightful position to be placed in, for he did not know at what moment one of those mighty missiles might fall on him.

Frank glanced round, and his gaze rested upon a trap-door in the base of the idol. He pulled the stone up, and exposed to view a dark aperture containing a flight of stairs.

In he jumped and down he went.

Scarcely had he arrived at the bottom when an enormous block of stone came down over the opening with a loud crash.

It was splintered and cracked, but it covered the opening so that the young inventor could not get out again. A chill of dismay passed over him.

"No one saw me enter this place," he muttered, "and they would not think of looking for me here. How shall I get out again?"

He glanced round to see where he was, when he felt a tremor in the ground beneath his feet.

"An earthquake shock!" he exclaimed. "So that's what caused the temple to fall to pieces."

The tremor passed and was not repeated.

Frank saw that he was in a corridor, in the wall of which were several dark openings. He penetrated them, one after another, only to find they were small ante-rooms filled with human skulls and bones that littered the floor.

The last one he entered had another door. He pulled it open, and a mass of sand fell in, clouding the water so that he could not see an inch ahead.

Patiently waiting until it settled he caught sight of a flight of stone stairs in the opening.

"This way must connect with the sea," flashed across his mind. "Otherwise that sand could not have got in here."

Mounting the stairs he emerged into a large roofless room, which must have been a wing of the great temple.

Passing through this and reaching the sand-covered streets he observed that the big temple lay, a heap of ruins, a short distance away. But nowhere was the submarine to be seen. She had disappeared!

Frank's heart sank.

"Could my friends have thought that I perished in the cave-in of the big building?" he thought. "If they did, and have gone away never expecting to recover my body, my doom is sealed."

As Frank stood, hoping against hope that the "Olipper" would return in time to save his life, he caught sight of an enormous crocodile-shaped beast swimming through the water.

He watched the animal intently. It was gliding along close to the ground, its enormous mouth wide open to admit the shrimps and small fish it lived on.

He stepped behind a broken wall to get out of its sight, and remained there quietly for some time. Finally he came to the conclusion

that it must have gone, and cautiously peered round the edge of the wall.

As he did so he came face to face with the beast. For a moment they glared at each other. Then the crocodile-like monster darted towards Frank.

He sprang behind the wall again and lay flat against it; but the manœuvre was useless, for the reptile came gliding round the corner of the wall and caught sight of him again.

Frank had no weapon with him, but his glance fell upon a torpedo-fish lying on the ground, and it gave him an idea.

"Why not make a human torpedo of myself?" he thought, and immediately unfastened the wires running from his battery to the breast-lamp.

Then drawing a small iron bar from his tool-bag he joined the wires to it, charging it with an electric current.

The rubber gloves he wore insulated his hands from the current.

He could not see the monster now, for, of course, his lamp was disconnected, but he had no doubt that the beast could see him. Grasping the only chance that remained to him he swept the electrified bar around before him, and it struck the animal, giving it a powerful shock.

There came a fierce commotion in the water, during which Frank joined the wires to his lamp again, and as the light flared out he saw the big beast in full retreat.

Next moment he was almost blinded by a broad glare of light, and was overjoyed to find that it came from the "Clipper."

She was rushing towards him, for Pomp, at the wheel, had seen the glow of his breast-lamp. In a few moments more he was aboard and recounting his adventures to his friends.

"Why did you and Pomp desert me?" he asked of Barney, at the conclusion of his narrative.

"Shure, we thought ye wuz followin' us," the Celt replied. "We got aboard, an' motioned Hunt ter driv' her away, to escape ther blocks av rock floyin' troo ther wather all round her. Goin' insoide we missed yez, but seein' that ther timple had fallen ter pieces, bedad, we thought yez wor kilt. Onyhow, off we wint ter foind ther corpse av ye. Sorra a wan did we diskiver. Then back we kem, an' seein' your loight, here we are."

"Have you got the sapphire?"

"I have, an' here it is."

He handed the stone to Frank, and the inventor was amazed and delighted with the gem.

Frank gave word for the submarine to be sent ahead once more, but at the end of three uneventful days he had seen nothing of the sunken island, although he had searched in every direction for it. As the air in the reservoirs was becoming exhausted, he sent the "Olipper" to the surface to replenish her supply.

It was a hot afternoon when the "Clipper" rose, and the water was as smooth as glass.

Barney was playing his fiddle in the kitchen, and Pomp was thumping an accompaniment on his banjo, while Hunt had gone back in the engine-room to start the dynamo recharging the jars of the battery, and to get the air-pump working.

The boat had risen close to the coast of India. Frank flung open a porthole and peered out.

Near the shore a trading ship with a British flag up was drifting along with the tide, her sails hanging flabbily and useless from the yards, as there was no wind.

For several moments Frank watched her. Then he caught sight of a flotilla of canoes filled with half-naked Hindoos.

He wondered what they were doing there, and was upon the point of hailing the crew of the ship, when suddenly he saw the whole flotilla dart out of the bay, paddling straight for the ship.

A yell arose from the sailors when they saw the black fellows, and a scene of intense excitement at once ensued.

Finding that they were discovered in the act of attacking the vessel, the Hindoos began to fire at the ship.

That left no doubt of their warlike intentions. They were evidently intent upon capturing the vessel for plunder, and the misfortune was that there were very few firearms on board, in the hands of the crew, so that there was every probability of the Hindoos getting the best of them.

"There will be a massacre unless I can do something to assist those poor fellows," Frank muttered.

"Faith, it's a helpin' hand we must be afther givin' thim," declared Barney, who had seen what was toward.

"Fo' suah!" assented Pomp.

"Call Hunt to help you, boys," said Frank. "Then arm yourselves, get on your metal suits, and man the portholes."

The coon and the Irishman nodded and hurried out. Frank then steered the "Clipper" towards the canoes, but he saw that some of them were bound to reach the ship before he could, and, closing the porthole, he shouted:

"I'm going under water! Close all doors and portholes!"

Down went the "Clipper," and Frank sent her on at full speed. She soon reached the canoes, and then rose beneath two of them. Over went the dugouts, spilling their occupants into the water.

Several of the boats by this time had reached the trader, and their dusky crews were boarding her.

The men of the ship were ranged along the bulwarks, firing and beating the Hindoos back with capstan-bars, marline-spikes, and belaying-pins.

"Ready, boys?" shouted Frank.

"All ready!" answered Hunt, cheerily. "Shall we fire?"

"Pick off the ones attacking the ship!"

An awful combat then began. Barney, Pomp, and Hunt did great damage with their accurate shooting, and as the "Clipper" rushed up to the flotilla of canoes her terrible blade struck them, sweeping some aside, and capsizing many others.

Presently Frank brought his boat to a pause beside the ship. All the canoes had been driven away, and many of their occupants were swimming in the water.

The natives who had reached the deck were fighting like demons to master the crew, and several of the sailors fell from the terrible blows they received. It was impossible to fire among the crowd, as some of the white men might have been struck by the bullets.

"Have you got on your armour?" called Frank to his friends.

"Yassah," answered Pomp.

"Then board the ship and help them."

Out hastened the three at once, and, getting upon the deck of the other vessel, they went to the sailors' assistance.

Many shots were fired at them by the Hindoos, and many blows were dealt them, but no damage was done, the metal suits making them invincible.

The blacks who remained in canoes were paddling away with all their might, and the ones in the water swam after them. In order to keep up their race landward, Frank opened a porthole and discharged several shots after them.

Seeing that their friends had left them to their fate, the Hindoos who had boarded the ship became even more desperate. They knew that unless they conquered the ship's company, they would be cut down to a man by the sailors.

Frank went out now on the "Clipper's" deck, pouring a most disastrous fire upon the Hindoos from a pneumatic revolver of heavy make. Seeing this reinforcement, and not knowing how many more might be coming from the strange boat, the blacks finally became panic-stricken, and rushed to the bulwarks on the side where the "Clipper" was, and sprang over.

Observing them coming the young inventor made a rush for the hatchway to get inside. Before he could do so several of the blacks leaped down on the deck, and one of them striking Frank, knocked him overboard.

A yell escaped the Hindoos.

Several of them rushed down into the interior of the boat, and one of them attempting to follow, shut down the hatch-cover with a bang.

Finding that he could not get in the man leaped into the water, which was dotted with the heads of many of his companions.

Here he struck close to Frank, and, recognising the young inventor, the Hindoo clutched him, and a fearful struggle began.

The young inventor might have got the better of his man had not more of the blacks come to their comrade's help. Beset on all sides Frank was in a dangerous strait.

A dozen hands seized him on all sides, and the Hindoos pushed him down under the water. A chill of horror passed over the young inventor.

"They mean to drown me!" he muttered.

CHAPTER 5.

Wrecked Under Water.—The Gold Island at Last. — Frank Finds More Adventures Awaiting Him at Home.

EVERY one of the Hindoos had by this time been driven from the deck of the trading ship, and those who were not attacking Frank were swimming for dear life towards the land.

Barney, Pomp, and Hunt saw the black horde round Frank, and, taking careful aim, picked off his attackers.

Frank came up, puffing and blowing, and struck out for the "Clipper," upon which he hastily clambered. The others came down also, and in almost no time the Hindoos who had fled below had been driven into the water.

A breeze now sprang up, and, after giving full thanks to Frank and his comrades for their timely help, the captain of the British ship set all sail and made off.

The air-chambers of the "Clipper" by this time were filled and the batteries recharged, so Frank sent the boat under again to continue her search for the sunken island.

By this time she had worked her way considerably to the south of where she had first begun the search. All her work had been done at considerable distance from the land, so Frank now resolved to hug the shore closer.

"Oscar Hunt might have been mistaken about the distance separating the island from the main," he thought.

The sailor had entirely recovered from the knife-wound he had received in Readestown, and he felt like himself again. Unfortunately for him, his former thirst for liquor returned, and on the morning after they were submerged he asked Frank for a drink.

"I do not allow any drinking to excess upon my boats," the inventor answered. "But if you want one drink, you will find a bottle of whisky in the locker in the store-room."

"Oh, I don't wish to keep up the practice," said the sailor. "I'd rather break it off if I can. I used to be a pretty hard drinker, it's true."

"Go and help yourself," Frank said. "But, remember—no getting drunk here—I warn you."

Hunt nodded and went back to the store-room.

Finding the bottle he took a drink. He was going to replace it when he took another

drink. Then he started to return to the pilot-house, when a most irresistible desire took possession of him to take a third drink.

He fought off the feeling for a while. Then he irresolutely went back and got what he wanted.

Not being accustomed to take spirits of late he quickly felt the effect of the liquor in his head, especially so as he had taken a large quantity each time he imbibed. As soon as he realised that he was getting under the influence of the liquor he pulled his faculties together, and, striving to hide it, returned to Frank.

The young inventor darted a keen glance at him, but so well did Hunt conceal the condition into which he was getting that Frank did not notice it, and gave him the wheel, it being his trick.

The conviction soon dawned upon Hunt that he was getting very drunk—very drunk, indeed. He tried to fight off the feeling as the boat reached a rocky section of the ocean's bed, where careful steering was necessary; but all to no purpose.

Presently he began to dose, and, plunging on, the "Clipper's" bow struck a rock, glanced off, and was buried deeply in the ground.

The shock partially stunned him, and he made a stern effort to pull himself together, when the door of the turret flew open and Frank, Barney, and Pomp rushed in.

"Hunt, you're drunk!" cried Frank.

"No, I ain't—sober as a judge."

"You were drunk, then?"

"I admit the impeachment."

"See what it has led to?"

"I give you my word I'll never do it again."

"No, for I'll never again give you the chance. Barney, is the boat injured any?"

"Shure, ther hull is all roight, but ther blade's off."

"Whereabouts are we?"

"Faix, it's a mountain we've run inter."

"Is the prow buried deeply in the ground?"

"Can't tell widout goin' outside and luckin'!"

"Then I'll put on a diving-suit and attend to it myself."

Frank motioned to Pomp to accompany him, and they got ready and left the "Clipper."

Reaching the ground they found the prow of the submarine caught between two rocks that held her in a vice-like grip.

"I'll have to blast that rock to get her free," Frank muttered, as he examined it.

Then he glanced round to motion to Pomp what he intended to do, when to his alarm he saw the darkie struggling in the grip of an octopus.

The big fish had silently approached the darkie, wound one of its tentacles round him, and was then pulling him up the side of the hill.

A cry of alarm escaped Frank, and he hastened after the devil-fish and its struggling victim.

The darkie was armed with a knife, and severed the tentacle that held him; but there was a lot of fight left in the hideous monster, and Frank and Pomp had all their work cut out to despatch it.

As it fell to the ground a stream of water gushed into the young inventor's diving-suit, through a tear the octopus had made in it with one of its tentacles.

He clapped his hand over the spot, checking the ingress of the water, and sat upon the ground to examine the tear better.

As he attempted to rise a bright sparkle in the sand attracted his attention, and he picked up the object that emitted it, when he saw that it was a big piece of gold quartz.

He glanced round inquiringly.

He saw that they were on a plateau covered with upright sandstone slabs at a short distance away.

"The sunken gold mine!" he gasped.

Satisfied that accident had brought them to the very place they were seeking, Frank got upon his feet, and, followed by Pomp, hastened back to the boat.

Once they were inside he took off his suit, and, as Barney and Hunt approached him, he said:

"I've found it!"

"Found what?" Barney asked.

"The sunken gold mine."

"What!" cried Hunt.

"Look at this!"

He handed them the quartz he had picked up. Both were amazed and delighted, and Hunt said:

"After all, it was lucky I drank that liquor."

"Yes," assented Frank; "if you hadn't we might never have found the sunken island. But we must liberate the 'Clipper' before we can think of searching for the gold."

He put on another diving-suit, provided himself with blasting utensils, and went out alone. This time nothing occurred to interrupt his work, and he soon had the submarine free, and she was raised to the plateau.

She came to a pause in the centre of it. Hunt, Barney, and Pomp left her in diving-suits, provided with such implements as the sailor deemed necessary to get the gold out of the ground.

There is little need to give a detailed account of how the four adventurers worked day after day to gather up the gold quartz which lay in such profusion on the plateau. Suffice it to say that they eventually returned to Readestown loaded down with the precious stuff.

And there Frank Reade discovered that events had been happening which would send him afloat again quickly in search of more amazing adventures. What these events were we shall learn in the next chapter.

CHAPTER 6.

A Monster of the Deep.—A Long Search Beneath the Waves.—In a Shark's Jaws.—A Tussle with a Whale.

"WELL, I'm bothered! They're at it again. Another strange monster of the vasty deep."

Howard Mayne tossed the newspaper aside impatiently as he spoke. His friend, Jack Clyde, picked it up.

"Who has been unwinding an improbable yarn now?" laughed Jack, as he scanned the columns. "Hello, that's queer!"

"What?"

"Why, the old captain who tells this story, Captain Jeremy Crowell, is my uncle."

Howard Mayne gaped at his friend as if he thought him crazy.

"Your uncle?"

"Yes."

"And he swears he has seen this new monster—this sea mammoth as he calls it? Well, old pal, go to his assistance at once. Get him into an asylum before he gets violent."

Jack Clyde did not smile. Indeed, he frowned instead, and, striking a match, lit a cheroot. Then he sank into a chair, and, putting his feet upon the corner of the table, did not speak again until he had read through the article, which told how Captain Crowell, of the schooner "Marguerite," had seen a strange monster in the sea off the coast of Nova Scotia. The strange beast—if beast it was—had, according to Captain Crowell, the resemblance of part whale, part serpent. The sea mammoth was the name he had given it.

"Well, that must be the truth!" said Jack Clyde, as he put down the paper.

Howard Mayne looked his amazement.

"What!" he gasped. "You don't mean to say that you believe that cock-and-bull story?"

"Pardon me!" said Jack, with dignity.

"My uncle is a thoroughly truthful man. The story is undoubtedly true."

Mayne whistled slowly.

"Could not your uncle be mistaken?"

"I hardly think so. I have no doubt he is right, and quite accept his word."

"Well," muttered Mayne, as he rose from his seat, "I don't wish to dispute your uncle's word, but we've heard so much of the sea serpent that this sea mammoth seems a pretty strong story to swallow, you know. Of course it is not altogether improbable. I move that we organise a party to hunt down this monster of the briny deep."

Mayne had spoken jestingly, but, to his amazement, his friend said, coolly:

"All right, I am with you?"

Mayne was staggered. They were both wealthy, and well able to fit out an expedition, but he hadn't imagined that Clyde would take him seriously.

"Did you think I meant it?" he gasped.

"Why certainly!"

"And you really mean it?"

"I do!"

Mayne drew a deep breath, and sank again into his chair.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed. "That beats me. Come now, I'll bluff just as hard as you do. I'll dare you to go with me in quest of the sea mammoth!"

Jack Clyde turned and looked his friend squarely in the face.

"I accept your challenge!" he said, coolly.

Mayne could hardly believe his senses.

"But—how do you propose to do it?" he asked. "Get your uncle's schooner?"

"No; employ a submarine boat."

"A submarine boat?"

"Yes."

"Whew! Who ever heard of such a thing! Who owns such a craft as that?"

"A friend of mine."

"Who is he?"

"Frank Reade, the famous young inventor. You have heard of him?"

"Indeed I have!" said Mayne, becoming more serious.

The mention of the name of Frank Reade at once put a new face on matters. He began to see that the scheme was a most feasible one. With a submarine boat, the quest for the sea mammoth might be advantageously if not successfully pursued.

"Jack!" he exclaimed, "I'm with you. We will do it."

"Then it is settled."

"But——"

"What?"

"Are you sure you can interest Mr. Frank Reade in the affair?"

"Sure of it! He has just returned from a trip in his new submarine, the 'Clipper,' and I'll bet he's ready for more adventures."

A letter was at once dispatched to Frank, who received it a few days after his return to Readestown. An interview was appointed, and the friends went off to see Frank Reade in his home.

"Well, my friends," said Frank, with a smile, when they were shown into his presence, "I suppose you come with your minds full of the sea mammoth?"

"We do!" replied Jack. "It is needless to say that we are very enthusiastic."

"Well, I believe it a famous project myself."

"I am glad to hear that."

"I wrote you about the 'Clipper'?"

"Yes."

"Well, she acted splendidly throughout my recent trip. I am perfectly satisfied with her."

"That is enough," said Jack, heartily; "of course you are in for our project of chasing the sea mammoth."

Frank did not reply for a short space.

"Of course," he said, at last, "your uncle is a reliable man?"

"I will swear by him!"

"That is quite enough. Then the question is settled. We will go in quest of the sea mammoth."

"What a furore the report will create!" cried Howard Mayne, eagerly. "The newspapers will go wild over it!"

"Let them," laughed Frank. "They cannot disturb us. But I have planned the whole affair out since hearing from you. I have put a force of men at work preparing the 'Clipper' for instant service. Stores and equipments are being put aboard."

"Hurrah!" cried Jack; "but there is just one question."

"Well."

"Of course, you will allow us to accompany you?"

"I had decided that," said Frank, with an inclination of his head. "There are just five of us. Barney and Pomp, you two gentlemen, and myself. That should be a sufficient crew to operate the submarine boat."

"Give us our duties, and we will attend to them faithfully," cried Jack.

"Your duties will be slight," replied Frank. "The boat can be easily operated by one man."

That closed the interview, and the two friends returned to New York to complete their own arrangements.

Of course, the news got down to Hyannis to the ears of old Captain Crowell, and he at once wrote to his nephew.

Jack was glad to get the letter, for it gave a detailed description of the mammoth, and the exact latitude and longitude where it was seen.

"I hope ye'll have success, lad," wrote the old captain. "An' I believe ye will, for ye was allus a smart lad."

"Very kind of uncle, I'm sure," laughed Jack. "I'll do my best."

But the next morning Howard Mayne came across a paragraph in the paper, which read:

"Another sea captain sees the famous sea mammoth. This time it was off Bar Harbour, Maine."

"Captain Dennis Haynes, of the brig 'America,' reports sighting a huge monster in the vicinity of Bar Harbour yesterday. His description of it tallies with that of Captain Crowell."

"Well!" cried Jack, laughing. "if we only hurry up, there's no doubt but that we shall find the pretty creature. He certainly appears to be in those waters."

"Right!" cried Howard. "I feel sure that we'll succeed."

"So do I."

The next morning Mayne and Clyde were en route for Readestown.

The "Clipper" lay in the waters of the canal all ready for them when they arrived there.

A large crowd composed of all classes had

gathered to see the start. At the appointed hour the voyagers went on board.

They were cheered by the crowd as they did so. Then Frank Reade gave orders to Barney who was in the pilot-house.

"Start the capstan engine. Up with the anchor, Barney."

The automatic and electric capstan drew the anchor from its muddy depths. The "Clipper's" engines began to work.

The passengers stood on deck waving a farewell.

Barney held the wheel, and the submarine vessel went gliding on its way down the stream.

Down the canal it quickly went and thence into the river. The view of Readestown from here was complete.

The river-banks and the house-tops were crowded with excited people, showing plainly how great was the public interest in the undertaking.

"All those people will scan the daily papers for news of us," said Frank. "Their interest is great, is it not?"

"Indeed you are right," replied Jack. "I hope we shall succeed."

"If we bag the sea mammoth," said Howard Mayne, "our fame is made."

The "Clipper" glided down the river, leaving Readestown far behind.

Out into the open sea she went. When well out Frank said:

"Now we will take a farewell of the surface."

"Are we going down?" asked Jack.

"Yes."

Quick orders were given Pomp to clear the deck of all portable articles. Then all went into the pilot-house.

The doors were closed, and Barney pressed the pneumatic lever. Instantly the valves opened and the tank began to fill. Down settled the submarine to the bottom of the sea.

The bed of the ocean here presented the usual appearance peculiar to the North American coast.

There were tangled forests of seaweed, huge ledges of rock, plains of sand, and many forms of fish life.

The boat was allowed to rest on the bottom but a moment, however, then Frank went to the pilot-house.

He took charge of the key-board, and, turning on the searchlight, sent its rays far ahead, and off they went once more.

Frank laid his course straight for Mount Desert, which is off the coast of Maine, this being where the sea mammoth had been last seen. If he yet lingered in that vicinity the chance was that the "Clipper" would find him.

It was a novel sensation to Jack and Howard to travel under water in such a fashion. And one day a strange and thrilling incident occurred.

Suddenly the "Clipper" began to pitch violently. There seemed a fearful commotion in the water. Everybody rushed to the port-holes. And there in the glare of the electric lights an awful sight was seen. A tremendous dark body was coming swiftly down through the water.

It looked like a mountain, but Frank saw the outlines of a ship's hull.

At once he threw back the electric switch and stopped the "Clipper."

"A sinking ship!" he cried. "How horrible?"

Excited cries broke from the others. The ship might have crushed the "Clipper" had it gone much further. Down it settled, creating fearful commotion.

"Her crew must be drowning! Can't we help them?" cried Mayne.

"Too late!" replied Frank. "We could never reach them in time. But bring up the diving-suits, Barney."

The Celt rushed to obey.

"There must be an awful storm overhead!" said Frank, while the Irishman was absent.

"This vessel has foundered."

"She is an American vessel!" cried Frank. "See her flag."

The doomed ship's flag still hung at her yard. It was easy to recognise the Stars and Stripes.

And now numbers of her crew could be seen lashed in the rigging. Some of them were even yet gasping. But they could not be saved. There was not sufficient time to do this.

However, Frank donned the diving-suit brought him by Barney. The Celt got into the other one, and together they passed out upon the deck.

Climbing down from the "Clipper's" deck, the two divers started for the wreck. Frank led the way. Reaching the hull he caught a swinging rope and went up to the rail with ease, Barney following him.

The scene before them, rendered plain by the submarine's searchlight, was a ghastly one.

The deck was strewn with wreckage, and the bulwarks of the vessel were smashed, probably by the weight of the sea. But the most horrible sight of all was that of the dead bodies everywhere, lashed to the rail and masts and rigging.

Frank approached the cabin door. As he did so he saw against the mainmast the name of the ship, "Virgil," Charlestown.

Frank saw that the cabin hatch was battened down. A sickening thought came to him.

In that cabin were the ship's passengers. How many there were it was not easy to say. Certainly all must be dead.

Frank half-hesitated in raising the hatch. But he summoned his self-control, and struck heavily at the covering with his axe. It yielded, and before him lay the cabin stairs.

The light from Frank's electric lamp illuminated the stairway.

There were fully a score of corpses, men, women, and children in that cabin. As yet they had not been drowned long enough for the gases to work, so that the specific gravity of their bodies kept them in the places where they had fallen.

They passed from one to another of the victims, and Frank secured the log of the ship, and a chest containing the passenger list and moneys of the ship. A few other valuables were taken, and then Frank gave the signal to return.

Barney made no demur, but followed Frank up the cabin stairs to the deck. A few moments more and they were at the rail, when Frank felt a curious commotion in the water.

Then, before he could act to preserve himself, he was seized as if in a vice and whisked away through the water.

Horror most awful shut down over his soul as he realised his dreadful position. He was in the jaws of a monster man-eating shark, and being carried away further every moment from the submarine boat. Only the stoutness of his diving dress, which he had constructed himself, saved him from instant death.

Without a moment's hesitation Frank drew his knife from his belt, and drove it to the hilt into the monster's eye.

There was a convulsive movement upon the shark's part, a fearful commotion in the water, and Frank felt himself released, and falling gently towards the bed of the ocean.

The shark had disappeared, leaving a blood-stained wake, and it was not likely that he would return.

As soon as Frank could collect his scattered senses, he at once set out for the "Clipper." He was guided by a distant glare of light, and reckoned that the shark had carried him fully half a mile. It had been a very narrow escape for him, and Barney had believed his master lost.

The Celt was wild with horror and hopelessness, but he was quite powerless to act.

"Och, murther—murther!" he wailed. "Shure, the masther's gone! Phwat shall I do! Phwativer shall I do!"

He would have gone in pursuit, but the shark had left no trail behind him.

Words cannot describe Barney's dismay.

He sank down upon the deck of the "Virgil" utterly overcome. It was a long time before he recovered sufficiently to return to the "Clipper."

As he burst into the vestibule, and a moment later into the cabin, he could hardly wait for his helmet to be removed.

"Och, fer the love of Heaven go afther him!" he screamed. "Shure, the masther's lost!"

The others were horrified.

"Wha' am dat yo' say, yo' good for' nuffin' I'eh?" cried Pomp, furiously. "Yo' let Marse Frank be done killed?"

"Och, warra, warra, and how c'u'd I help it? Shure, I never seen him till he was gone like a flash!"

"What took him?" asked Jack Clyde, excitedly.

"Shure it was a shark, an' a divil av a big one. Ah, he's eaten Misther Frank up afore this!"

"That is awful!" cried Howard Mayne. "Shall we go in pursuit?"

"Shure, that's jist phwat yez want to do!" cried Barney. "Let the 'Clipper' go ahead, I say, an' bad cess to the shark!"

"Dat am jes' wha' I'm gwine fo' to do!" cried Pomp, rushing into the pilot-house. "Yo' jes' don' want to tell dis chile dat Marse Frank amn't alibe!"

Pomp changed the lever, and the submarine shot forward; past the wreck it went quickly.

Then Pomp elevated the boat until it was fifty feet or more from the bottom of the sea.

Barney sprang to the searchlight and sent its rays everywhere through the water.

The result was most gratifying. Far in the distance Pomp chanced to see the form of a man just climbing over a heap of tangled weeds. It was Frank Reade.

He had sighted the boat, and was rapidly making for it. Pomp gave a yell of delight.

"Marse Frank am alibe!" he cried. "I jes' see him, sho' as yo' am alibe, dis minnit! Whoop-la!"

The "Clipper" bore down rapidly upon the spot where Frank was.

The young inventor experienced a thrill of joy as he saw that he was rescued. A few moments later the boat settled down near him.

He clambered quickly aboard, and was shortly afterwards in his cabin.

The happy outcome of what had threatened to be a serious matter was a joyful surprise to all.

Frank's wounds happily did not prove serious, and the only cause for regret was that the log of the "Virgil" had been lost.

Once more the "Clipper" went on her way. She was now well off the Maine coast. If the sea mammoth was in the vicinity they should before long come across it.

But though the "Clipper" cruised about for a week under the sea not a sign of the monster was found.

It was then decided to proceed directly to the Grand Banks of the coast of Newfoundland. For a long time the "Clipper" rushed on through the dark waters of the North Atlantic, searching the sea in all directions.

"It is about like looking for a needle in a haystack," finally concluded Howard Mayne. "I darsay we are very foolish to prolong the search."

"Don't say that," said Frank. "You are getting a deep-sea cruise, with the chance of at any moment running upon the monster. We may cruise here for a lifetime without finding

him, but on the other hand we may find him before an hour!"

"Let us hope for the latter chance," cried Jack Clyde. "We are having some fun anyway."

"Oh, I'm not finding any fault," put in Howard, quickly.

Barney and Pomp were in the happiest of moods. Barney especially being happy at that moment by reason of a good joke he had put up on Pomp.

The darkie was supreme ruler in his kitchen or galley, and woe betide the invader or the meddler. Barney was fond of abstracting choice tit-bits from Pomp's larder on the sly. It was a long time before the darkie could account for their mysterious disappearance, but, when he did discover the cause, he set about curing the thief in a most original manner.

This consisted of mixing in several decoy cakes a mixture of cayenne pepper and salt, so that the first mouthful Barney took cured him of his liking for the stolen tit-bits for all time.

He made up his mind to get square with Pomp in some way, and it was not long before his lively inventive genius hit upon a plan.

While on watch one night he managed to suspend a bag of flour over the door of the galley, and he arranged it so cleverly that anyone opening the door from the outside would receive the full benefit of it over his person.

When Barney called Pomp for the morning watch, he turned in and slept for a few hours, as though his conscience was not heavily burdened with guilt. But he took care to be awake early and ready for the fun.

Promptly at the hour of five, Pomp made a move to begin his duties in the galley. But when he passed through the cabin Barney was skulking behind him with a grin upon his broad face as bright as an Italian sunset.

Pomp was very fond of talking to himself, and now as he saw the door of the galley closed he began to jabber.

"Howebber did dat do' git close?" he muttered. "Dat am berry queer. I spec' dat no 'count I'ishman hab jes' been foolin' round here ag'in. I reckon I bettah gib him anodah dose—he, he, he!"

The darkie's hand was now upon the door-knob. He opened the door and—

Whew—whish—whang—bang!

"Ugh—ouch—huh—murder!"

Out into the cabin reeled the astounded negro. Words can hardly describe his appearance. His complexion, naturally as black as ebony, was now as white as the driven snow.

The flour had covered him from head to foot, and hung in a choking cloud about him.

He puffed and wheezed and sneezed furiously before he was able to speak a word. Then he began to see the point of the joke.

Digging the flour out of nose, ears, and mouth he made a dive for Barney, whom he

"I done kill yo' fo' dis, I'ish!" he yelled. "Yo' nebber fool dis yer chile dat way agin!"

Barney was so convulsed with laughter that he could hardly control himself. But he managed to get out of Pomp's way.

Rushing into the pilot-house he banged the door and locked it. The rumpus brought the sleepers from their state-rooms, and they came rushing out in amazement at the sight Pomp presented.

"For mercy's sake, Pomp, what ails you?" cried Frank Reade, half in anger.

"It am dat no count I'ishman," cried Pomp, wildly. "He jes' play one ob his sassy tricks on me! If dis chile cud jes' lay his hands on him now——"

"Well, well, enough of this sort of joking," cried Frank, angrily. "I don't like it!"

Pomp at once subsided, and Barney unlocked the pilot-house door.

"Begorra, Misther Frank!" he said, meekly. "I c'u'dn't help but git square with the omadhoun."

The two jokers were about to slink away much abashed, when a startling thing happened. Suddenly and without warning there was a terrific shock, and every man was thrown from his feet.

"Heavens!" cried Howard Mayne, the first to scramble to his feet. "What was that?"

"We've struck a rock!" cried Jack.

But this was disproved, for the ship was humming along on an even keel. It remained for Frank Reade to discover the real meaning of the shock.

He rushed into the pilot-house, and a startling sight met his gaze. There, not fifty yards distant, was a leviathan body moving toward the "Clipper" at lightning speed. At first Frank thought it must be the sea mammoth, but he soon saw that it was a monster whale of the sperm species.

Quick as a flash Frank pressed the rising lever. As a result the whale dived under it, the keel scraping its long back.

Up shot the "Clipper" to the surface in a calm sea. Up came the whale, too, a hundred yards distant and spouted.

The monster swam round the boat, apparently inclined to make another attack.

"In here, every one of you!" cried Frank. "I'll fix him!"

Into the pilot-house all sprang. In one corner was a platform with glass under it. This was designed and added just before they started on the present trip expressly for such exigencies as this. Upon this platform all stood. Then Frank quickly connected a couple of wires with the key-board.

Pressing a key, the circuit was made, and the full force of the current went through the steel hull of the boat. Should the whale come in contact with it now, it was likely that it would not venture to do so again.

Suddenly it made a rush for the boat.

"Look out!" cried Frank. "Prepare for the shock."

All clung to the glass platform. To fall from this meant death.

The next moment the collision came.

And the current passed through the whale, instantly killing it, and the dead body of the sea monster floated on the top of the sea.

"Victory!" he cried.

All cheered, and then rushed out on deck to take a look at the monster which floated alongside.

"Is he not a monster?" cried Howard Mayne.

"He is!" agreed Jack.

"Beggorra, it's nigh as big as the 'Clipper,' he is!" averred Barney.

"There is some oil in his carcass, I'll warrant," said Frank. "It's a pity we have not room aboard for it."

"And must it go to waste?"

"It looks like it."

"If we could only sight some whaling vessel now."

Instinctively all looked round, and a great cry broke from their lips.

"A ship!"

"Hurrah!"

Certainly, out on the horizon, there was visible a ship. It was bearing down towards them.

Frank went into the cabin for his glass. When he came out he studied the distant vessel.

"On my word, it is a whaling vessel!" he declared.

"How do you know that?" asked Howard Mayne.

"Don't you see the black smoke from her funnels?"

"Yes, but all the same she looks like an ordinary steamer."

"She is not a steamer. That smoke is not coal or wood smoke. You cannot mistake its volume and colour. It is oil."

"Then the smoke comes from her frying furnaces?" asked Howard.

"Exactly."

The whaler had evidently sighted them, for as she drew nearer a signal flag was sent up. Frank answered it, and then the whaler fired a small cannon. Nearer she drew every moment.

It could be seen that she was an American vessel.

As all on board the "Clipper" were anxious to accost the whaler, the submarine boat was allowed to lay alongside the dead whale.

Soon the ship tacked and showed her broadside, lying to not more than a hundred yards distant.

Then came the hail:

"Ahoy!"

"Ahoy the ship!" cried Frank.

"What craft is that?"

"The 'Clipper,' submarine boat from Readestown, U.S.A."

There was a pause, then Frank Reade shouted:

"What ship is that?"

"The 'Priscilla,' from New Bedford, out for whales."

"Well, lower a boat and come over. We've a prize here for you."

"Ay, ay!"

The next moment a boat put out from the "Priscilla's" side. She carried four seamen and the captain and mate.

As the boat drew nearer the captain was seen to be a tall, bearded man.

He saluted as he sprang on to the "Clipper's" deck, and shook hands with Frank.

"I am Captain Benson."

"I am Frank Reade."

"When we sighted you we fancied we had struck an enormous whale. The shape of your craft gave us the idea."

"Exactly, but I can assure you we are not in that class."

"Yet you seem to be having good success. That is a beauty lying alongside."

"Ah, but you don't understand," said Frank. "We are not whalers."

"Not whalers?"

"No."

The captain looked amazed.

"May I be permitted to ask what you are, then?"

"We are simply navigators of the submarine sea, and in quest of the sea mammoth."

Captain Benson looked at Frank as if he fancied him gone crazy. He did not speak for a moment.

"Thunder and guns!" he finally gasped. "I hope I'm not dreaming!"

"It is a reality."

"In quest of the sea mammoth?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do."

"Well," laughed Benson, good-naturedly, "that's a kind of a fool's errand, isn't it?"

"I think not. We are going to make a good search."

"I certainly hope you'll have luck."

"We hope so."

"Yes; but you spoke of this being a submarine boat."

"Certainly. So it is."

The captain whistled softly, and then turned towards the rail. He'd never come across a submarine before, and felt none too safe aboard the "Clipper."

"Well, good luck to ye," he said. "I'm going back to think this over. I'm not sure whether I'm drunk or dreaming."

"Wait!" said Frank. "I'll prove to you all I say. Come into the cabin."

Captain Benson followed Frank into the "Clipper's" cabin, where he gazed about him in amazement.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed. "You've got things very comfortable in here."

"We intend to be comfortable," said Frank; "but come into the engine-room."

"The engine-room!" exclaimed the whaler's captain. "Does this craft go by steam?"

"No," replied Frank, "it goes by electricity."

"You don't mean it?"

"I'll show you."

The whaler's captain followed Frank about the vessel completely dumfounded at what he saw.

"Well, this beats me!" he said; "but, hi, hi! we're going down!"

There was a rush of waters, a lunge, and the craft went down. Frank had beckoned to those on deck, and they had sprung into the cabin and shut all the watertight doors and portholes. Barney had sprung the lever at a signal from Frank.

Down went the submarine boat to the bottom of the sea.

"Don't have any fear, captain," said Frank, with a laugh; "you won't be injured."

"Thunder and guns!" ejaculated Benson, in consternation; "do you mean to say that we can rise again?"

"Certainly!"

"And this boat can travel under or above the water?"

"Just so."

"But how in the name of Neptune do you get air to breathe?"

Frank explained this at some length.

"Great Scott!" gasped the whaler's captain, "I never heard the likes of this before. Why, my crew up above will reckon we're in Davy Jones's Locker."

"And so you are," laughed Frank; "but not for keeps."

"Waal, I own up to being beat; but I'm glad to know you're an American, for you're the smartest young man I ever met."

This overwhelming compliment somewhat confused Frank, but he took it gracefully and replied:

"I simply let my deeds speak for themselves."

"Well, by Jupiter! they speak well!"

The old captain went to the glass portholes and looked out.

He had sailed the sea's surface for forty years, but this was the first time that he had ever seen its hidden depths.

Frank explained many curious things to him. Then he made a signal to Barney, and the "Clipper" began to rise.

Up she went quickly and steadily. A moment later and she was above the surface.

There, not fifty feet distant, was the body of the whale. Just beyond was Captain Benson's boat making for the ship.

As the "Clipper" rose from the depths the astonished sailors stopped rowing and gave a yell.

Pomp opened the cabin door and Captain Benson rushed out on deck.

"Heigho, you blockheads!" he roared. "Come here! I've been down to see old Davy and back again!"

This command was not to be disobeyed, and, of course, the boat's crew recommenced rowing.

"Well, skipper, I wish ye luck," said Benson, shaking Frank's hand; "but I wouldn't change crafts with ye, though yours may be the best. I'd rather sail above the seas than under."

"The same to you," replied Frank, "and I hope you may get some good oil out of that whale."

The captain looked amazed.

"It's yours," he said.

"To the contrary; it is yours," declared Frank. "Accept it with our compliments."

Benson was so astonished that for a moment he could not speak. Finally he blurted out:

"I'll pay ye well fer it!"

"No, you won't," said Frank, decidedly.

"Why not?"

"I don't want your money. You are quite welcome."

But before the captain could again utter his thanks, a loud cry came from the ship.

"Whale ho! There she spouts!"

For the moment Captain Benson forgot that he was on his own ship, and shouted:

"Where away?"

"Dead—to—windward!" came the reply.

All eyes were turned in that direction.

Upon the surface of the sea, not a mile distant, was seen a moving black body. Indeed, there seemed to be several of them, appearing and reappearing.

"A school of whales?" cried someone, "and they are swimming in single file!"

"No, they ain't!" roared the captain. "It is no such thing! I know a whale when I see it!"

"What is it, then?"

"It ain't a whale, I know that."

The excitement was intense. Then suddenly up from the water was reared a great head. An enormous pair of jaws, with glistening teeth, was seen. Frank Reade sprang to the pilot-house, crying:

"The sea mammoth! At last!"

Instantly all was excitement. Captain Benson leaned into his own boat, and made for his ship. The "Clipper" was sent full speed toward the great monster.

But the sea mammoth seemed to move faster, and got away from her with ease.

Frank crowded on full speed.

Suddenly the monster seemed to slacken its speed and come almost to a stop.

Its huge proportions lay upon the surface extending for a surprising length.

"Merciful powers!" grasped Howard Mayne. "What a monster!"

"Dare we tackle it?" asked Jack Clyde.

"One blow of the electric ram should stupefy it," replied Frank. "If I can only get near enough to strike it."

The electric ram was another provision Frank had made for the annihilation of the sea mammoth. He had connected the steel

ram of the boat with the dynamos in such a way that a blow from it would give an all-powerful shock.

The whale ship and Captain Benson's boat were mere specks on the horizon by now, and they were not seen again.

The sea mammoth lay quite inactive upon the surface, looking, as the first description stated, partly like a monster whale and partly like a serpent of nightmare proportions.

When a hundred yards distant Frank changed the course of the "Clipper," charged the steel ram, and held the boat straight for the immense body. Then he threw the electric switch wide open.

Full tilt the "Clipper" raced for the mammoth. It was calculated to strike the great body full and fair. But the best laid plans often fail.

Suddenly, and without any warning, the huge monster reared itself partly out of the water in sinuous lines.

That part which the ram should have struck was raised fully twenty feet above the surface. The "Clipper" shot under it like an arrow.

Whether the act of the monster was intentional or not it is not easy to say. It had, however, succeeded in thwarting Frank's purpose. The "Clipper" raced a hundred yards away upon the other side, and before she could be turned the sea mammoth made a sinuous course away to the northward.

In that direction lay a huge fog bank which had suddenly risen, and into this the brute vanished.

"What beastly luck!" exclaimed Frank. "I felt sure we had the monster."

"Never mind!" cried Jack Clyde. "We know that he exists, and we will soon find him again."

Into the fog the "Clipper" raced. The searchlight was used, but even its power was not sufficient to penetrate the solid wall of mist.

Following the course which he believed the sea mammoth would take Frank held doggedly on. Whether they would have succeeded or not, had it not been for a sudden incident, could not be told.

All of a sudden Barney, who was at the searchlight, gave a warning cry. A great white object had loomed up directly in front of them.

Frank realised in that moment what it was, and promptly reversed the current. But it was too late. An awful cry went up:

"An iceberg! We are lost!"

Then there was a crash, a rending and gliding, and the submarine boat became stationary.

They had run bow on upon the iceberg, and the submarine had been carried high up on a shelf of ice. And there, secure upon the iceberg, the "Clipper" was wedged, luckily unharmed as far as her hull was concerned, although Frank and his friends had experienced a good shaking.

"Upon my word!" cried Howard Mayne, "we are stuck now."

"It looks like it," agreed Jack Clyde; "how shall we get off, Frank?"

"I can't say just now," replied the young inventor. "We'll try to find a remedy, however."

The iceberg rocked and swayed tremendously with the weight upon it, and for a time there seemed danger that it would turn upside down, a trick which bergs have of doing. Frank went forward as far as he could upon the ram of the vessel, and saw that little damage had been done to the submarine boat other than a bad shaking up.

He also saw that it would require no ordinary force to dislodge the craft from its hold. But the young inventor's ingenuity was not to be so easily baffled. He quickly laid his plans and returned to the cabin.

"Well?" asked Howard Mayne. "What do you think of it, Frank?"

"I think we can get off all right," replied the young inventor.

"Then the boat is not badly injured?"

"By no means!"

Frank Reade then proceeded to a locker in the gun-room and took from it several dynamite cartridges.

"Now!" he said, "this operation of mine involves no little risk, and it may cause me a long dive to the bottom of the sea. You must do just as I tell you."

"Begorra, Misther Frank, if it's dangerous can't I do it fer yez?" asked Barney.

"No," replied Frank. "I prefer to do it myself. But you must follow my directions to the letter. Bring me my diving-suit."

Barney quickly obeyed, and Frank put it on, while explaining his purpose.

His commands were that the others should remain in the cabin with the doors securely closed.

He reckoned that the explosion would cause the berg to separate and release the submarine; but there was danger that the "Clipper" would be crushed by the falling ice, and it was this which must be guarded against.

CHAPTER 7.

**Frank's Dire Peril and Wonderful Rescue.—
The Sea Mammoth Comes Off Victorious.—
Off to the Polar Seas.—Jack Clyde Shows
His Good Marksmanship.**

"As soon as the 'Clipper' touches the water you are to press the sinking valve," directed Frank, "and let her go to the bottom. If I am unable to remain on the berg after the explosion, I shall jump into the water and go down also. You can then pick me up at the bottom of the sea."

Frank was equipped with hammer and drills and thus left the cabin. Climbing out over the ram he made his way on to the berg,

where at a safe distance from the boat he began to drill holes in the solid ice.

In these at a depth of four or five feet he placed the dynamite cartridges, and connected them with a wire in a small electric battery carried in his pocket. Climbing to a safe distance he pressed the key. At once the current shot along the wire and there was a tremendous explosion.

The berg reeled, quivered, and split in twain. One half turned upside down, the other tottered for a few seconds before it fell. The submarine boat shot to the bottom of the sea like a stone from a catapult.

Upon that part of the berg which turned bottom side up, as chance had it, was Frank Reade.

The young inventor was fathoms deep under the water, but to his horror he found he could not get to the bottom where the "Clipper" now was, for he had become wedged in between two spurs of the ice and was unable to extricate himself. And there he hung in a most precarious and risky position.

Meanwhile, down to the bottom went the "Clipper." Barney had pressed the reservoir lever just in time to allow the boat to escape the tons of ice which might have crushed it.

Once she was resting on the ocean's bed everyone was on the lookout for Frank Reade, and the electric light was turned in every direction.

But not a sign of the young inventor could be seen. If he had fallen as intended, he should certainly be very near.

"Begorra, that's queer!" cried Barney. "Shure, an' phwere iver has he gone?"

Then all exchanged startled glances. Could Frank have been killed by the explosion or crushed by the falling ice?

"I done fink we oughtn't to hab let Marse Frank do dat fink!" cried Pomp.

"On my word!" said Howard; "I am afraid that harm has come to him."

"Yet he may be safe on the berg yet," put in Jack.

"You are right; let us try it."

Accordingly the "Clipper" was sent to the surface, but no sign of Frank was to be seen anywhere. It seemed a certainty that he must be buried in the tons of ice which had collapsed with the explosion. But Pomp would not listen to this.

"Dat ar berg jes' tip upside down!" he declared. "I done fink Marse Frank mebbe carried under by dat!"

The idea was instantly embraced by the others, and the "Clipper" was again sent under the surface. And this was what saved Frank's life.

The electric searchlight could not help but reveal him in his precarious position, and they took instant measures to release him.

The "Clipper" ran close up under the berg. Then Barney put on a diving-suit and went out on deck. It was the work of a few

moments to rescue Frank from his position of peril, although he was exhausted when he reached the "Clipper's" cabin.

"We will try in future to steer clear of icebergs," he said, with a smile, when they had administered restoratives and he had regained some of his old life.

"But we have lost the sea mammoth!" cried Jack.

"That is so," agreed Frank, "but we will find him again, if we have to go to the North Pole!"

"Which would not be a bad idea!" cried Jack, excitedly. "To the North Pole under the ice!"

"What an idea!" put in Howard Mayne. "Would that be possible, Frank?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the young inventor; "it is quite possible."

"What a great achievement it would be!"

"It may be that the sea mammoth will lead us there yet."

"Is there any likelihood of that?"

"Why, yes, if he does not turn about and come towards us, or if we do not overtake him," declared Frank.

It was evident that Howard and Jack were enthusiastic with the idea of travelling to the North Pole under the fields of ice. Indeed, it did look a tempting project, and plausible as well. But Frank would not think of deviating from his original intention of first capturing the sea mammoth.

The fog still hung thick and heavy over the sea, and to avoid the possibility of meeting with a berg the boat was allowed to travel under water, keeping a steady course to the northward.

The searchlight was constantly employed to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the sea mammoth, but the monster seemed to have given them the slip in some manner.

"If we keep on at this rate," Frank declared, "it will not be long before we enter the Arctic Ocean."

"But how do you know that the sea mammoth is still going northward?" asked Jack. "He may have turned off in another direction."

"That is true," agreed Frank, "but his course from the first has been due north. I have only that theory to depend upon. It is all a matter of chance."

"Which I hope may be lucky."

"So do I."

But the "Clipper" was now in seas where icebergs were very abundant, and it was necessary to keep a sharp lookout to avoid running into one of these obstructions.

Still to the north the submarine boat kept until well into Davis Straits. Here Frank came to a stop, undecided what to do. It was a random quest, certainly. He had no idea whatever as to what direction to take now.

The sea mammoth might have gone beneath the frozen waters of the Arctic, even to the

North Pole. On the other hand it could easily have changed its course and gone back into warmer waters.

It was certainly not an easy matter to decide. An accident occurred, however, which settled the question.

Barney, who was in the pilot-house, had been flashing the electric light through the black depths. Suddenly to the left he caught sight of what seemed like a shadowy form outlined against the inky blackness.

It was moving slowly and sinuously, and at first the Celt was unable to make out its character. Then a loud cry escaped him.

"Misther, Frank! Och, Misther Frank!"

"What's the matter?" cried Frank, rushing from the cabin.

"Shure, sor, it's the say mammoth!"

"The sea mammoth!"

The cry went up from the lips of all as they rushed into the pilot-house.

Barney flashed the searchlight in the direction in which he had previously sent it, and all caught a glimpse of that monster's sinuous form.

Frank Reade sprang to the keyboard and sent the submarine boat in pursuit. The monster appeared to be gently swimming in a current, and was making very slow progress.

Frank's hand was upon the lever which was intended to electrify the ram. Should it strike the sea mammoth the electric shock would probably kill it.

Straight down for the monster went the boat, everyone on board pale with excitement.

"Look out!" shouted Frank, warningly. "Now it comes!"

The prow of the ram was razor-like in its keenness. The next moment there was a grinding, powerful shock.

What followed seemed afterwards to all like a vague unreality.

It seemed as if the "Clipper" was picked up by giant hands and hurled a fearful distance through the water.

Everyone on board was turned topsy-turvy, and when the commotion subsided daylight was all about, and they saw that the "Clipper" rested upon the surface of an angry tossing sea.

"What's the matter, Frank?" asked Howard Mayne. "What has happened?"

"That's what I can't understand," replied Frank.

"Did we strike the sea mammoth?"

"Yes."

"Then he is dead?"

"That remains to be seen."

"But how came we on the surface?"

Frank examined the keyboard, and then made answer:

"Probably the shock threw open the switch," he said. "Yes—you can see how it was done."

"Then all the tumbling about came from rising to the surface?"

"Very likely."

"Well, I wonder if we really did kill the beast."

"We shall soon find out."

Frank was about to send the boat to the bottom again when once more Barney's voice pealed out:

"Shure, Misther Frank," he cried, "it's the say mammoth, sor. Jist luk off to the west, sor."

Instantly all eyes were turned in that direction. There, far out upon the surface of the sea, was seen a long, undulating black body.

Frank was dumfounded. He was sure that the ram had struck the body of the monster. Indeed, the water was suffused with blood, and there were red marks upon the forward deck. Why had not the electric shock killed the leviathan of the deep?

"It's mighty queer," the young inventor muttered. "What can it mean?"

He examined the electric connections, and soon learnt the cause of the failure.

A fallen wire from another part of the boat had crossed and changed the circuit. The sea mammoth had received no shock whatever. Frank was deeply chagrined. He knew that it was of no use to attack the mammoth again until this break had been repaired; so he commissioned Barney to watch the sea mammoth and keep within a reasonable distance. Then he set about repairing the broken wires.

In a short while Frank had everything again in working order; but by this time the mammoth was moving northward with incredible rapidity.

Of course, the submarine boat was sent rapidly in pursuit. But soon an astonishing spectacle burst upon the view of all. This was in the shape of a long white line extending from east to west.

"A frozen sea!" cried Frank.

It was evident that they were in frigid latitudes, though the air in the "Clipper" was quite warm.

"Begorra, the mammoth may take it into his head to go right on over the oice," cried Barney.

"Humph! I done fink he go under," said Pomp, "or mebbe he turn around and come back."

"If he does that we shall have him!" said Frank. "And the ram shall not fail to work this time, either."

The wound inflicted upon the mammoth by the steel ram did not seem to hinder his movements in the least. He kept on steadily until the edge of the ice pack was reached. Then suddenly he disappeared beneath the water.

"There he goes!" cried Frank. "We must follow him!"

At the same moment he pressed the reservoir lever, and down sank the "Clipper."

When beneath the surface a safe distance Frank sent the boat ahead at full speed, and soon the electric light reflected upon the ice

above, and they knew that they were under the pack ice.

For hours the chase continued, but no trace of the sea mammoth was seen. Once more it was a futile quest.

Twice they had attacked him, and twice he had escaped. It might be years before they would get another such opportunity.

But Frank clung to hope, and decided to keep on as long as he possibly could.

"Good for you, Frank," said Jack Clyde, when the young inventor announced his purpose. "Do you know I have an idea!"

"What is it?"

"You know that the sea mammoth may be even now on its way to its natural haunts. Perhaps its real home is in those Arctic seas, and there may be more of its kind there."

"Quite an idea!" laughed Frank. "It may be true!"

So it was with much interest and no little excitement that Howard and Jack looked forward to their coming into the Polar Sea.

Up Davis Straits and finally into the Arctic the submarine boat travelled without seeing anything more of the sea mammoth; but Frank felt confident of finding him in the end.

There were times when it was difficult for the boat to proceed, so little water was there between the ice and the bed of the sea. The Arctic Ocean is a comparatively shallow body of water, and in many places it is frozen nearly solid, the ice being fathoms thick. But a passage was generally found, and the "Clipper" kept on bearing to the north.

The days passed, and still the "Clipper" kept feeling its way along. It gave the voyagers a thrill to reflect that they were far below the frozen wilds, where so many heroic Arctic explorers and so many gallant ships had met their fate.

It was like going into a tomb and closing the door after one, to find that it had locked itself, and there was little chance to get out.

But still all were in fairly good spirits, and Barney and Pomp's wit did much to enliven the situation.

All depended upon the very subtle machinery of the "Clipper." If it should fail they would be helpless, indeed, buried beneath frozen seas.

Frank had only one peculiar dread. As they neared the magnetic Pole he was rather in fear that the disturbing influences might affect the batteries and dynamos. Deprived of a propelling force the "Clipper" could never hope to make its way out of the terrible depths.

So the young inventor proceeded with all due caution.

But the magnetic Pole is not the North Pole, and soon it was passed, and they began to recede from it.

One day Frank Reade made a startling announcement:

"We are in the open Polar Sea!"

This created tremendous excitement.

"You don't mean it!" cried Howard Mayne. "Why not give us a look at the open air again, Frank?"

"Oh, do, by all means!" cried Jack.

"I mean to," replied Frank.

So he reversed the electric levers, and the boat leaped into the upper waters. Up, up it went.

They were at a greater depth than they had been before for a good while. Suddenly the boat leaped into the air.

She shook the water from her steel dome like a duck would shake the water from its back, and lay there upon the smooth water glistening in the radiance of the sixth months sun of the Arctic summer.

To the surprise of all the air was fresh and balmy, not at all like what they had expected.

Howard Mayne lost no time in walking out on the deck. The others followed.

Suddenly, while they were standing in silence and breathing in great gulps of the fresh air, the "Clipper" began to rock and pitch tremendously, and then some fifty yards away an immense object rose out of the depths.

"The sea mammoth!"

Up into the air fully twenty feet rose the head of the marine monster, presenting a terrible sight.

"Into the cabin!" yelled Frank.

The order was obeyed, and not a moment too soon. The sea mammoth glided forward like a lightning flash.

Frank tried to bring the "Clipper" about to meet it with the ram, but before he could do so the monster reared itself aloft, and then actually glided over the deck of the boat, crushing it under the surface. Fortunately, all the watertight doors and portholes were closed, otherwise our story must have ended suddenly with the death of our heroes.

But as it was, no special harm was done, save to give all a severe shaking.

The whole length of the mammoth's serpent-like body passed over the vessel, and the "Clipper" was carried a dozen feet under water.

The moment the huge body left the deck, however, the "Clipper" bobbed to the surface like a cork. But the sea mammoth had shot miles away with almost incredible speed, and disappeared beneath the surface.

Frank sprang into the pilot-house and set the electric engines at work. But they might as well have tried to pursue a will-o'-the-wisp.

The sea mammoth was out of sight, and all they knew of his disappearance was that he had been going to the westward.

Frank allowed the "Clipper" to race on at full speed. Every moment now they were nearing a volcanic continent, and, when it became apparent that they were not going to overtake the sea mammoth, Frank yielded to Howard and Jack's wishes to make a landing on the Arctic continent.

The "Clipper" was run up close to the shore of a little bay. The country could be seen at close range, and a remarkable scene it presented. Not one in the party had ever seen such beautiful green verdure as here existed.

"Bedad, it's the rare Irish green!" cried Barney.

A small boat put out from the "Clipper," and Frank, with Howard and Jack, went ashore, and were delighted with the Arctic country.

"By Jove! there's nothing to equal this in the world!" declared Jack.

"Look at that distant line of mountains! See how wonderfully beautiful they are in their outline!"

"And that valley!" cried Jack. "Really I wonder if there are any human beings in this strange land?"

"There is a tradition that it is inhabited," said Frank, "and that the inhabitants are descendants of some of those hardy Norse warriors."

"Wouldn't it be fine if we could only find them!"

"I don't know about that. They are doubtless very savage fellows!"

"Ah, yes, no doubt! Well, I wonder if animals inhabit these wilds?"

But the question was answered at that very moment.

They were approaching a mountain whose slopes were covered with a thick growth of firs. Suddenly from among these, and out upon a crag, stepped a giant animal.

"Merciful powers! What is it? An elephant?" gasped Jack.

"A bear!"

But it was not the common species of Polar bear which is always as white as the eternal snows. Its colour was jet-black, and its size was nearly double that of the white bear. At sight of the men below it uttered a terrible roar.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Howard Mayne. "I don't care about a near acquaintance with that fellow!"

"Nor I!" said Frank Reade. "Let us change our location a little."

But Jack Clyde had become imbued with a sudden resolution.

"Wait!" he cried. "I'm going to try a shot at him!"

"You will only waste your powder," said Frank. "He will not be easily killed. Better leave him alone."

"Not much!" cried Jack. "You shall see what a good shot I am!"

With which he instantly raised his rifle and fired.

That the bullet struck the bear there was no doubt. The beast reeled and seemed partly to slip from its perch. Then it raised one huge paw and began to cuff its ear vigorously.

"Good shot!" cried Frank. "Where did you aim, Jack?"

"For the head."

"And you evidently hit the mark, but failed to reach the brain."

"Better luck next time!"

Jack took another aim. This time the bullet must have struck the bear in the shoulder, for he clapped one paw upon that member and gave a terrible roar.

Then before Jack could fire again the beast came down from its shelf like an avalanche.

Infuriated by the wounds it had received, the powerful brute seemed determined to bring matters to a speedy issue.

"Now is the time to get out of the way!" cried Howard Mayne.

But Frank Reade and Jack Clyde did not move.

"Now we've started on it we had better kill the beast!" declared the young inventor. "I fear we shall have trouble."

"So do I," said Howard.

"However, aim for the shoulder," cried Frank. "You may reach the heart."

The bear had got down from his rocky perch with almost incredible speed. He now burst forth from the brush at the foot of the steep.

A terrible-looking monster he was, as he came full speed to the fray.

"Steady!" cried Frank; "take plenty of time to aim."

All knew that their safety depended on that shot. Should they fail to bring the monster down, one or more of them was likely to be injured or killed.

No chances therefore could be taken; it was a time when nerves of steel were needed. When the bear was about forty yards distant Frank gave the word:

"Now! fire!"

True to their mark went the bullets. All three struck the left shoulder, and one went through to the heart.

The giant bear dropped dead. So excited were the hunters that they flung up their hats and cheered.

Some further exploration was intended before returning to the "Clipper," so, leaving the headland of the coast behind them, the party slowly advanced inland.

The entrance to a deep valley was before them. Entering this they beheld a wonderful scene. Below were extensive lowlands. Down from the mountains ran streams of water forming wonderful cataracts, while lakes and meadows, forests and vales, were all visible, making a beautiful panorama of green.

"An Eden at the North Pole!" cried Jack Clyde, and scarcely had he finished speaking when a peculiar wild cry rang out upon the air.

For a moment all half-fancied that it was human. Then Howard Mayne cried:

"My soul! Look there!"

All gazed in the indicated direction, and were rendered spellbound by the strange spectacle they beheld.

CHAPTER 8.

The Sea Mammoth and the Whale.—A Dash Beneath the Ice.—In Peril of Death.—Touch and Go.

THE explorers in entering the valley had noticed a very peculiar species of tree very much resembling a palm.

A clump of these were not two hundred yards distant.

It was from them that the cry came, and from the depths of the forest a strange-looking creature appeared and performed a most wonderful feat.

For a moment the explorers could well have believed themselves transported back to early prehistoric ages.

The animal or creature, or whatever it was, seemed to be a cross between a salamander and a kangaroo.

But its size was elephantic. Indeed, so great was its height that it seemed occupied in eating the tops of the peculiar-looking trees.

Frank Reade passed a hand across his eyes.

"I hope I'm not dreaming," he muttered; "but I could almost stake my life that I am living in another age."

"That creature belongs to a prehistoric race," cried Howard. "I say, Jack, what is its scientific name?"

"Do you want me to have paralysis of the jaw?" laughed Jack. "I never could pronounce it or remember it."

"That is a creature long since believed to be extinct," said Frank. "What would not some of our famous zoologists give to be here now?"

"I'm afraid we'll never be able to tell them about it if we stay here much longer," laughed Jack. "I've heard it said those chaps are fond of human flesh."

"I think he has a fiendish eye on me now!" cried Howard. "Let's go at once!"

There was evidently no better course to adopt. So the three explorers quickly got out of the valley.

But at the end of the pass Jack Clyde halted.

"By Jupiter! I'm going to see if that fellow can eat bullets!" he cried.

"No, don't fire at him!" cried Howard, in dismay.

But before either he or Frank could interfere Jack fired. The result was at least a comical one.

The bullet struck the mailed coat of the monster and glanced off as from a steel target.

The creature ceased eating and looked about in a puzzled manner, that was all. Then it resumed its feeding quite unconcernedly. The explorers looked at each other and then burst out laughing.

"Come on!" cried Frank Reade, "let us

return to the 'Clipper.' We've had enough experience for one day."

"So say I," exclaimed Howard Mayne. "Jack, I don't think much of your marksmanship."

When the friends reached the "Clipper" Barney and Pomp were sent ashore to remove the skin of the giant bear. On their return Frank put the engines in motion.

"Now for new scenes," he cried. "We will visit this continent again at some future time."

Neither Howard nor Jack demurred. They were perfectly willing to resume the quest for the sea mammoth. Straight to the westward the submarine boat went.

"Perhaps the monster will keep straight on through the Behring Straits," Frank declared. "If so we may yet get into the Pacific."

"And go half-round the world!" cried Howard. "That would be grand!"

During part of the time the "Clipper" travelled under water, and part of the while on the surface. In this manner the open sea was crossed in about three days and nights.

Then once more the white line of the frozen region showed on the horizon. Frank was in a quandary what to do.

If he went straight on through Behring Straits he had no way of knowing but that the sea mammoth had lingered in the Arctic basin.

What should he do? Should he stop and continue his quest further in the open sea?

On the other hand, if the mammoth had gone on and into the Behring Sea, then he would be wasting time by remaining in the open Polar Sea.

It was some while before the young inventor could quite make up his mind what to do.

And again as before, he was led to decide by a singular incident. Jack Clyde was the first witness of it.

The submarine boat was forging along at full speed, and every moment approaching nearer the ice barrier. Suddenly there was a tremendous commotion in the water not a mile distant from the "Clipper."

Great columns of white spray went flying into the air, and a couple of huge bodies were seen thrashing about there, apparently engaged in a deadly combat.

"Two whales!" cried Jack. "They are having a fight."

His cry brought all on deck. Instantly the course of the "Clipper" was changed to approach the scene.

It was apparently a battle of giants. Words can hardly describe the scene. The water was lashed in hillocks of foam for a hundred yards about the contestants. But as the submarine drew nearer to the scene Frank Reade made a startling discovery.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "We're on the right tack!"

"Right tack!" exclaimed Howard Mayne. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Those are not two whales fighting, but one whale and the sea mammoth."

"The sea mammoth!"

There was no disputing the fact. The monster and a large sperm whale were engaged in a deadly combat.

The long body of the strange monster could be seen to be wound completely about the whale, and its huge head was working in the water like a battering ram.

The whale was making a valiant fight, and for a time it was doubtful which would win.

It was not safe for the "Clipper" to approach very near to the combatants. The sea was churned into waves of great height; the battle was a fast and furious one. But it was too terrific to last long. Suddenly the two contestants disappeared beneath the waves.

The sea boiled and tossed over the spot where they had gone down. All on board the "Clipper" looked to see them come up again; but after a time Frank said:

"Send her under, Barney, and we'll see what is going on down there."

But ere the Irishman could obey, Jack Mayne pointed excitedly out of a porthole, and cried to them to "Look!"

Up to the surface there came suddenly a huge black body, which lay dormant upon the water.

It was the whale, dead. The sea mammoth had been victorious.

All on board the "Clipper" were deeply impressed with the result; but even while they were reflecting upon it a cry went up:

"There is the mammoth!"

All gazed in the direction indicated.

There, dead to the westward and making a rapid course for the ice fields was the sea mammoth.

The monster's head was high out of the water, and it was travelling with great speed.

"Quick!" shouted Frank, "let us pursue it! If we can only overtake it, I think this time we can end the fellow's career!"

Barney sprang into the pilot-house and sent the boat ahead at full speed. Across the waters it raced, and seemed to gain rapidly on the mammoth.

Every moment it drew nearer. The monster was swimming leisurely and did not seem to heed its pursuer. But when within one hundred yards of the mammoth the submarine boat could not seem to come nearer.

The risk which Frank took in approaching the mammoth so closely was no slight one.

It would seem as if the monster could easily turn at any moment, and with a single blow demolish the submarine boat.

But Frank kept the ram constantly charged with electricity, and depended wholly upon its effectiveness.

In vain the engines of the "Clipper" were taxed to their utmost capacity. The distance

between it and the mammoth could not be appreciably overcome. Indeed, before long it became apparent that the monster was gaining.

They were now nearing the ice field, and the cold was increasing bitterly.

"Mercy on us!" cried Howard Mayne. "We shall never be able to catch that chap."

"It looks like it!" agreed Frank.

"Be jabbers, mebbe I kin faix the beast!" cried Barney, picking up his rifle. He drew aim and fired.

But to the surprise of all the bullet was seen to merely lift the scales slightly on the monster's back and then glance off.

Its hide was bullet-proof at that range.

"Begorra, w'u'd yez luk at the loikes av that?" cried Barney. "Shure, it's a hard ould skin he has to be sure!"

It was evident that the career of the sea mammoth could not be brought to an end in that manner.

Indeed, before any further move could be made, the monster disappeared beneath the waves.

"All inside! Close the doors!" shouted Frank, immediately.

This order was quickly obeyed. Then down sank the submarine boat to the bottom of the ocean.

But the sea mammoth had disappeared. Nothing whatever could be seen of it.

Frank, however, kept a straight course under the water. He felt certain that the sea mammoth's course would be directly under the frozen seas to Behring Straits. In this event no doubt the chase would be carried into the Pacific.

He was not sorry for this, for the thought of travelling under the hundreds of miles of ice was indeed an unpleasant one.

How long it would take to reach the open seas of Behring Straits could not very well be estimated. Frank, however, hoped that two weeks would do it.

The "Clipper" was capable of quite good speed under the surface.

After many tedious days Frank reckoned that they were not more than five hundred miles north of Point Barrow, and near the end of the ice floes, and the young inventor hoped to very quickly reach daylight.

On the third day a thrilling incident came near terminating the career of the submarine boat, and the voyagers as well.

Frank was forward in the pilot-house, when he saw an immense narwhal steering straight for the boat.

The fish was a monster of its species, and behind it came a school of smaller whales.

They were all bearing towards the submarine boat with the apparent intention of attacking it.

Frank well knew what such a contingency as this would mean. The narwhal of the Arctic is a heavy fish, second only to the whale, and is provided with a powerful lance

or so-called sword upon the extremity of his head.

A blow from this has been known to pierce the timbers of a ship.

Frank knew the danger of an encounter with so many of these powerful fish. It meant probable annihilation of the boat.

With an exclamation of horror he sprang to the switch-board, pressed a key, and sent the "Clipper" bounding upward.

The move was executed not a moment too soon. The fish passed directly under the "Clipper." Indeed the commotion rocked the boat violently, but this was not the end of it all.

The water was more shallow than Frank had reckoned upon, and in its upward career the "Clipper" struck the ice above.

But fortunately it was a thin coating, and really covered a basin in the interior of a mighty mountain or berg of pack ice.

The "Clipper" shot up into this basin like a cork, breaking the thin ice. At the same moment its engines forced the boat forward, and it shot with full force between opposing cakes of ice and wedged there.

It was driven clean out of the water upon a shelf of the berg, and to add to the catastrophe, an immense cake fell down from above and lodged across the bows.

Thus the "Clipper" was pinioned in the heart of the hollow berg.

Perhaps the most astonished person in the crowd was Barney, who had been in the dome regulating the searchlight.

For a moment he had fancied that he had been the cause of the sudden rise of the boat by changing the circuit or throwing open a switch.

"Begorra, phwat is wrong?" he yelled, excitedly, tumbling down from his perch. "Och, Misther Frank!"

But at that moment he saw Frank in the engine-room, and understood that the young inventor was alone responsible for the change of base.

"Shure, Misther Frank, and phwat's the matter?" he cried.

"Don't ask me yet, Barney!" replied Frank. "I tried to get out of the way of a school of narwhal, and had no idea we were so near the surface!"

"Golly! I done fink we am anchored now, Marse Frank!" cried Pomp, when they ascertained what had happened.

"Where on earth are we?" cried Howard Mayne. "Are we still under the sea?"

Indeed it required a second glance to determine through the misty glass of the port-holes whether they were yet in water or in air.

But a few moments served to settle this fact beyond all dispute. Then the question arose as to what ought to be done.

Frank opened the door and stepped out upon the deck. He examined the position of the boat, and made a startling declaration:

"We are under a moving berg!" he declared. "Look at the current in the basin which will tell you."

All looked as directed, and saw that the black water was moving.

"You are right, Frank!" cried Howard Mayne. "This berg is certainly not stationary!"

"What is more, we are in a very dangerous position."

"Dangerous?"

"Yes; we are in imminent peril of being crushed into atoms at any moment."

"How is that?" asked Howard Mayne.

"Look up and you will see."

Far above in the arches of the berg cavern huge masses of ice, tons upon tons, were seen hanging, seemingly wanting but a slight encouragement to fall.

If they should drop it would mean the collapse of the berg, and the cavern would tumble in.

The result of such a contingency, so far as the submarine boat was concerned, can be imagined. It would be crushed like an egg-shell.

Every moment the berg was drifting into warmer waters, which simply meant that it was approaching nearer to the melting stage. The position of the "Clipper," therefore, was an awful one.

What was to be done? This question was stamped upon every face. Instinctively all looked towards Frank Reade.

And Frank's mind was not idle. He saw that but for the danger of the falling ice it would be easy enough to dislodge the "Clipper" from its position with dynamite.

But the shock of the explosion would be fatal, of that there was no doubt.

The cold on the deck was intense. All repaired to the cabin and a conference was held.

After some discussion Frank said:

"I believe there is but one thing for us to do. We must all take pikes and axes and dig the 'Clipper' out of the trap bodily."

"Correct!" cried Howard Mayne. "But how long will it take to do that?"

"I cannot say. It will depend upon our capabilities for cutting ice."

"That settles it!" cried Jack Clyde. "Don't let us waste a moment, but go to work at once."

This sentiment was echoed by the others. Picks and axes were furnished, and everyone went out on deck.

Each knew that while working there he was under the shadow of death. The ice above might fall at any moment and crush him. But all, nevertheless, worked resolutely and bravely.

At times small fragments falling from above would fill them with consternation. Once a falling block weighing tons struck in the waters of the basin.

The reverberation was fearful, and it

seemed as if the whole berg was about to tumble.

Gradually the ice was cleared from the bow of the "Clipper," and then rose the question of the best means of getting the boat back into the water.

This was no light undertaking. But, nevertheless, a channel was dug down to the water's-edge.

Then a cable was drawn about a spur of ice upon the opposite side of the basin, and Frank set the electric engines at work.

Slowly and surely the boat slid down the improvised ice ways. It neared the water rapidly, and it slid into the basin, amid the cheers of the voyagers, who quickly scrambled aboard.

There was no time to lose, for the ice roof was creaking and straining threateningly, and Frank threw back the key of the switch-board and sank the "Clipper" as quickly as possible.

He was not a moment too soon. There was a terrible commotion above, accompanied by an earthquake-like shock. The berg had tumbled in. Had the boat been in the cavern at that moment it would have been crushed to atoms.

Down to the bottom Frank went, and the "Clipper" continued on its way.

A day later and they were well out from under the ice, greatly to the relief of all.

Straight down towards Point Barrow, the most northern part of Alaska, the submarine boat held its course.

As yet, since leaving the open Polar sea, no sign of the sea mammoth had been seen. Frank, however, was still sanguine of coming up with the monster. He was very resolute in his purpose to bag the big game.

"We shall find him in the Straits," he declared, "or at the farthest in the basin of Behring's Sea."

Succeeding events proved that his conviction was correct.

The "Clipper" had passed into the Straits, and was making slow work against a head wind, when Pomp, who was on the lookout, sighted a vessel far to the eastward.

"Marse Frank, it jes' look like to me as if dey was in trubble," cried the darkie. "Wha' you fink?"

Frank procured his glass and studied the distant vessel.

"You are right, Pomp!" he cried, finally, "they are in trouble."

"What sort of craft is it, Frank?" asked Howard Mayne.

"I should not be surprised if it was a sealer," replied Frank; "but she is in trouble and we must go to her."

At once the course of the submarine boat was changed and held down for the distant ship. It required some time to cross the intervening miles, but Frank signalled the distant vessel and received an answer, which left no doubt that she was in sore distress.

Quickly the submarine boat came within hailing distance of the ship which it was now seen was aground.

The sea was fairly smooth in spite of the wind, and she had not as yet received any damage.

But, of course, it was impossible to tell when this might happen. A high sea would sweep over her decks and break her up.

Frank went out on deck and hailed the ship:

"Ahoy!" he shouted.

"Ahoy!" came back.

"What vessel is that?"

"The 'Utopia,' from Seattle; engaged in catching seals!" was the reply. "Can you help us?"

CHAPTER 9.

The End of the Mammoth.—Wrecked at the Moment of Victory.—The "Clipper" Abandoned Once More.

"Just as I thought," said Frank, turning to his companions. "She is a sealer." Then he shouted: "What is your distress?"

"We're aground on a bar," replied the captain of the "Utopia." "We ran into shallow water without knowing it."

This was no unusual occurrence in the Behring Sea, as Frank well knew. Vessels very often run aground in these waters, for there are any number of shallow spots where sand and mud controlled by wind and current make a bar or bank.

The captain of the "Utopia" had tried every means in his power to draw his ship off, but had failed. The sight of the "Clipper," however, had inspired the crew with hope, although they regarded the submarine boat with surprise, having never seen anything like it before.

"I say!" shouted the captain, "what sort of a craft is that?"

"It is a submarine boat," replied Frank.

"Thunder and guns! You don't mean to say that you can travel under water?"

"Yes, I do," replied Frank.

"Who are you?"

"I am Frank Reade."

"Never heard tell of ye. I am Mose Gilson of Seattle, captain of this ship."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Gilson. I am coming over to see you!"

"All right!"

Frank put out a collapsible boat, and Barney entered it with him, and they at once rowed over to the ship.

Up to the deck they scrambled.

"Durned glad to meet ye!" said the captain, who was a burly six-footer, with a long beard. "I reckon ye're a man by the looks of ye."

"Thanks," replied Frank, brusquely.

"Now, Captain Gilson, what can I do to help you?"

"Nothing, unless you can get me off this bar."

"I think I can do it."

"Good for you, friend; I like your style."

"Have you much of a cargo on board?"

"Three thousand sealskins; but, I say, cap'en, how are you goin' to get us off this bar?"

"Simply blow a hole in the bar with a dynamite cartridge."

"Dynamite?"

"Yes."

"But the ship——"

"Don't you fear; it shall not be injured, I will promise you."

"Well, sir, if you kin do that, I'll never forget ye!"

"That's all right!"

"But how are ye goin' to get down under the bar to place the cartridge?"

"You forget that my boat can go under water. But that is not all; I have a diving-suit!"

The captain of the "Utopia" slapped Frank on the back.

"Bravo!" he cried, "that is a good move. But, I say, my friend?"

"Well?"

"What are ye after in these parts?"

Frank smiled and replied:

"You will no doubt be surprised when I tell you. We are after the sea mammoth."

"The sea mammoth!"

To Frank's surprise Captain Gilson did not betray incredulity, but said:

"By hookey! ye're on the right track. Hyar!"

He led Frank to the rail. Pointing to the horizon, where land was visible, he said:

"Them's the Alentian Isles. Ye'll find the mammoth most likely in some place near them. We saw it there this morning."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Frank, excitedly. "That is the information we want."

Then he checked himself.

"But wait!" he continued; "I mean to see you off this sandbar."

"If ye can do it."

"I can!"

"If ye do I'll pay ye well."

"Not a cent. I am glad to help you."

Frank stepped into the boat and was rowed back to the "Clipper." As he stepped on deck he said:

"All below! I have important work to do!"

All went at once into the cabin. Frank quickly closed the doors and portholes and lowered the boat beneath the surface.

The water was very shallow, but the submarine boat worked its way to within a dozen yards of the stern of the "Utopia."

Then Frank put on his diving-suit and disappeared in the sea. Proceeding directly towards the "Utopia" he had soon reached its hull.

It was an easy matter to find his way to the bow, which was buried several feet in the deep mud.

The electric light upon Frank's diving-suit showed him the position of the ship well enough.

He saw that it was only the clinging mud which held her, and that this could be quickly removed.

The bar was a long ridge not over a dozen feet across. If the dynamite was placed some twenty feet along the further side of the bar Frank believed that the mud and sand would be cut without doing any material damage to the ship.

So he carefully dug a hole in the sand and placed the cartridge in it. Filling the cavity with loose shells and rocks he extended the wire along the bed of the sea. Then back to the "Utopia" he laid the wire.

Once aboard again he connected the wire with the dynamos, and allowed the "Clipper" to rise to the surface.

The crew of the "Utopia" had seen the "Clipper" disappear, and were eagerly waiting for her reappearance.

As she now came into view they gave a cheer. Frank opened the door and stepped out on deck.

"Ahoy!" he shouted.

"Hallo!" replied Captain Gilson, appearing at the rail. "What can I do for ye, cap'en?"

"We are now ready to fire the cartridge," replied Frank. "It may give your ship a little shaking up."

"All right! We're ready!"

"Then here goes!"

Frank pressed the electric key. Almost instantly there was an earthquake-like shock.

What seemed like a huge tidal wave rolled over the bar. It picked the "Utopia" and the "Clipper" up like corks and carried them yards away.

The "Utopia" was completely swept off the bar. The wind caught her sails, and she began to fill away.

To the tops sprang her men, and cheer after cheer went up.

"Stop at Seattle an' see us!" shouted bluff Captain Gilson. "I hope ye'll catch the sea mammoth."

Frank waved his hand in reply, and then

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sprang to the pilot-house and set his course at once for the distant Alentian Islands.

The "Clipper" raced across the sea like a sprite, and all that day the quest was kept up.

In and out among the islands went the little craft, now above water, now below it, but yet no trace of the sea mammoth could be found.

"I'm afraid we've lost trace of him," said Frank, finally. "Probably he has gone south, or perhaps out into the Pacific and towards Hawaii."

"Don't abandon hope!" said Howard Mayne, encouragingly.

"I do not intend to. Yet there is little chance, I fear."

At that moment a ringing cry from Barney went from one end of the boat to the other.

"Bo jabers, there he is, Misther Frank!"

Frank rushed to the rail, and saw just rounding the end of a small isle the sea mammoth.

He came on proudly through the surf like a conquering army, his head full twenty feet in the air.

Frank sprang to the pilot-house.

"Look out!" he shouted. "Stand by, everyone."

The "Clipper" shot forward like an arrow, straight for a small channel between the islands.

The young inventor's game was to cut the mammoth off at that point, hoping that he would not change his course.

If he could reach him at just the right moment Frank would be sure to strike him broadside with the ram.

Every man on board clung to some object and held his breath. The next moment the impact came.

The ram of the submarine struck the sea mammoth's body full and fair. There was a shock, a recoil, and then Frank shut off the engines.

The ram was buried two feet deep in the mammoth's body. The monster had been instantly killed, and it had died with scarce a quiver. Lightning could not have been more certain in its work.

A cheer went up from all on board the "Clipper" as the long, powerful body of the sea mammoth floated upon the top of the water.

It was drifting in the surf towards the island. Frank wished to avoid this, so he sent the submarine boat around the mammoth's body for the purpose of affixing a line to its head and towing it to sea.

This plan would have worked well had it not been for an unfortunate fact.

The shore of the island at this juncture was fringed with a series of sunken reefs. Almost before those on board the "Clipper" had a chance to realise it, there was a terrible crash, and water rushed into the cabin and over the bow.

Barney ran up the stairs shouting:

"Murther! murther! Misther Frank! It's wrecked we are, an' the boat is sinking!"

"Merciful powers!" gasped Mayne. "We have struck a rock!"

"We are going down!"

"Get out the boat!"

"Save yourselves!"

There was hardly time to get the "Clipper's" boat into the water. The next moment the end came.

The beautiful submarine went down beneath the waves with a hole stove in her steel hull which could not possibly be repaired in that part of the world.

It was an unfortunate ending to what had been a most triumphant enterprise; but there was no use crying over spilt milk.

Nor was Frank Reade the man to do that. He knew that it would be utterly useless for him to think of raising the boat. The delicate electrical machinery would be spoiled by the water in any event.

"Pull for the shore, boys!" he said coolly. "We have got to make the best of it."

This was done slowly and sadly, for not one in the party but had a heavy heart. It was hard indeed to witness the wreck of the "Clipper."

"It is a confounded shame!" cried Howard Mayne, forcibly. "Why could we not have seen that rock?"

"Never mind!" said Frank, "we killed the sea mammoth!"

"Correct!" cried Jack Clyde; "but is there any chance of getting home?"

"Oh, yes!" said Frank. "Some Olent Indian will take us to the mainland, or a sealing vessel will pass this way."

The first move after they had landed was to make a fire and dry their clothes. Then darkness came.

The isle was a rather barren spot, but the castaways made themselves at home in a cave, and were quite comfortable for the night.

Several days passed, during which the castaways lived on the eggs and flesh of the wild sea-fowl on the island. Then one morning they awoke to hear a cannon shot.

A vessel off shore had seen the signal which they had hoisted. A boat put off, and the first person to step out of it was Captain Gilson, of the "Utopia."

His amazement was great.

"Well, I'm bothered!" he cried, in surprise. "What does all this mean? Shipwrecked?"

"That's about the size of it," replied Frank. "Can you take us aboard your ship?"

"Can I?" blurted the big captain. "Waal, I knew I'd git a chance to pay ye back!"

All were taken on board the "Utopia," and some weeks later they were in Seattle, whence they journeyed to San Francisco.

The news of their return spread through the country, creating great excitement and interest.

Howard Mayne and Jack Clyde returned to New York, where they received a splendid reception; the people's only disappointment being that Frank, Barney, and Pomp were not with them.

But the trio had slipped off quietly to

Readestown. They had previously experienced the joys of being the heroes of the hour, and were this time quite willing for Howard and Jack to receive all the honours.

THE END.

A Word from Your Editor

Who'll Join the T.B.B.?



I have spoken before of the True Blue Brotherhood, and of the hearty invitation to join which the President has more than once extended to readers of the INVENTION LIBRARY. This has brought me several letters asking for fuller particulars. Here they are:

Members of the True Blue Brotherhood may be recognised: 1. By the Badge, of which an illustration is given above. 2. By the Secret Grip of the Brotherhood. 3. By the use of the Secret Sign Language, together with Membership Card, particulars of all of which are sent to members on joining.

Rules of the Brotherhood.

Readers sending in application for membership must make up their minds to abide by the following rules:

1. To be true to themselves and to their friends.
2. To do their best to help one another in time of trouble and distress.
3. To be kind to animals, and prevent cruelty to dumb creatures by others.
4. To strive to stamp out bullying, cowardice, and the use of vulgar language.
5. To be loyal to their country in peace and war.
6. To be truthful, generous, honourable, manly, and brave.
7. To lend a hand in a moment of danger to everybody, whether they be fellow-members or not.

How to Join.

All you have to do to become a brother is to fill up one of the coupons given in the DIAMOND LIBRARY and send it to the President, T.B.B., 1-3, Crown Court, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., enclosing twopence for the certificate, badge, and secret signs, which are forwarded to each recruit. Beyond this twopence there is absolutely no expense incurred, and your membership lasts for life, provided you abide by the rules of the Brotherhood and do nothing to disgrace the badge.

A special scheme of promotion to the rank



of Lieutenant and Captain has been started, and members are asked to raise companies of their own, and take command of them locally. Any brother gaining four recruits will be promoted to a Lieutenant, while eleven new members will gain promotion to Captain.

I shall be particularly pleased to hear that some readers of the INVENTION LIBRARY have gained this promotion, so see what you can do, will you? The numbers of the DIAMOND LIBRARY now on sale contain the coupon necessary for joining the True Blue Brotherhood, or, if you like, you can wait for the new set which will be ready on December 4th. There are some particularly fine tales in that set, I am told, their titles being: No. 7, "Missing! Dixon Brett!" a splendid detective tale; No. 8, "Broncho Billy's Raid," a yarn of the prairie; and No. 9, "Vic. the Ventriloquist," a funny story with a spice of adventure in it.

All of these books contain the T.B.B. coupon, so you can make your choice.

Frank's Other Inventions.

I fear this talk of the T.B.B. has eaten up most of the space available for our little pow-wow, but I must squeeze in a reference to the other books of our own library, which are on sale with this number. They are: No. 10 "Frank Reade in Siberia," a grand tale of adventure in the air and a trip across Russia; and No. 11, "Frank Reade's Isle of Diamonds," which is the story of a perilous journey into the heart of Mexico.

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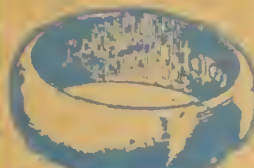
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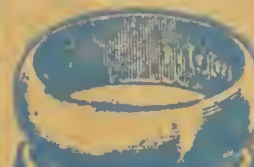
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